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NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Returns to the Corners and Meets With a Chilling Reception—With His Usual Tact he Converts Defeat Into Victory, and Resumes His Old Place.

Cossmogair X Roads,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
June 7, 1883.

I reached the Corners last nite after a two years absence in Yoorup. For two years I hev bin eatin the bread ov industry, picked up by infrekent and onsartin loans from Americans abroad with hed cooshoned enuff uv the villanus beer and wine ov the kentry to be in a libral mood, by actin occasionly ez Secretary uv Socialistic societies, without salary, the only advantages uv the poishen bein that it giv me facilities for occasional borrerin from noo recroots wich wuz filled with zeel for the coz, and by wormin myself into the secrets uv the Irish agitators and sellin myself to the British Government ez an informer.

But these methods uv livin wuz precarious at the best, and it wuz with joy that I cum out of the Stoker's room uv the ship I smuggled myself aboard, ez a stow-away, wich they inhumanly put me into, when they found me out, two days out uv Queenstown, half-starved, and set me to work passin coal for my passage, wich is more work than I ever did in my life afore. A happy man wuz I when I put my foot on the dock in Noo York.

How did I git from Noo York to the Corners? I will not harerr up the public mind by relatin the affectin tail. I will not put in print the number uv times I wuz gently lifted off the hind end uv tranes and dropped onto the track, the number uv times I hed dogs set onto me my farmers, the number uv times I was refoozed a meel uv vittals by wimmin wich stigmatized me ez a tramp, I will not say how the walkin wuz and how horrible the roads; suffice it to say, that, ragged and weery, foot-sore and discurridged, I entered Bascom's at 8 o'clock, last nite, and sank into the old corner, thanking God that wunst more I wuz in the land uv the free, for everything but Chinamen and Niggers, and the home uv the brave, ceptin the bounty-jumpers and draft-resisters.

They all recognized me, for they hed bin expectin me. Kernel M'Pelter seed me in Louisville and telegraffed Bascom, "Beware! Ole Nasby is movin onto you." He got home afore I did, for he hed a pass onto the railroad while I wuz compelled to walk.

Ther wuz a most depressin silence ez I set down. Ther wuz no enthoosiastic rushing forrerd with open hands, ther wuz no harty invitashens to take suthin, ther wuz no pressin about me to welcum me back to my native heath. On the contrary, quite the reverse. Bascom stood behind his bar, silent and glum, the deekin sot in his old corner with a glass uv whiskey, but he turned nary face toward me, Kernel M'Pelter tipped back in his cheer and looked resolootly another way, while that ingrate, Issaker Gavitt, leaned over the counter talkin to Bascom. They took no notice uv me no, mor'n ef I was ez tho I wuz not in the room.

It wuz a delibrit attempt to freeze me out. Which ever way I looked, they persistently turned their faces the other way. I made up my mind not to be friz out.

"Gentlemen," sez I, "after one hez lived two yeers among the bloatid aristocracies uv Yoorup, and mixed with Princes, and Dooks, and Erls and things, and restid in gilded palaces and sich, the Republikin simplicity uv Bascom's is suthin delitefful."

In response to this, Issaker Gavitt asked the Deekin whether it wuz troo that his brown mule hed broken his leg.

"To one who hez bin abroad so long, who hez pizened hisself with sour wines and stale beer, the fact that he pizened hisself with kings and heirs-apparent to thrones don't make no diffrence. One's bowels is more to be be considered than grand company, and better a glass uv soothin whisky in Bascom's, under the Amerikin flag, than a bottle uv thin wine at the table uv a Dook."

"Hev yoo sold that spavined mare yit?" asked Kernel McPelter uv Deekin Pogram, payin no attention to my remark.

"A comparison uv the luxury uv the nobility, with the misery uv the common classes is calkelated to impress upon the reflective mind—"

"Kernel, are yoo agoin to bild an addishen to yer stable this season?" broke in Bascom, ignorin me completely.

I endoored this sort of thing for perhaps fifteen minits and then I rose in my indignashen. Marchin up to Bascom I looked him square in the face and sed:

"Well, here I am."

"I see you are!" retortid G. W.

"I am here to stay."

"We hev bin livin in cherful hopes uv readin yoor obituary, in a paper printid in some forin langage, but this is an exasperatinly disappintin world. We wood hev pade willinly to hev hed it translatid into English."

"Most uv yoo coodent hev red it ef it hed bin written in English," I replied with sarcasm, "but that is neether here nor there. I am here, and ez I sed, I am here to stay."

"Grashus Hevins!" ejackilatid the Deekin.

"Hell!" exclaimed Issaker Gavitt.

"The dispensashuns uv Providence are misterious!" sighed McPelter.

"Wat kin we do with you?" demandid Bascom, finelly.

"Gentlemen," I replied camly, "how much do I owe the Corners?"

They each uv em statid the amount I wuz in debt to 'em.

"Do yoo ever expect to git it?" I asked.

"Never!" they all replied in korus.

"Yoo certinly won't inhospitably thrust me from yoor doors, wich I see yoo are calkilatin onto. Do yoo decide to kick me out?"

"How am I goin to keep you in likker?" groaned Bascom.

"How am I goin to feed you?" groaned the Deekin.

"Gentlemen, the jestis uv these queries I admit. But yoo must know that yoo hev several thousands uv dollars investid in me already, and whether it is a permanent investment or not, depends upon yoor ackshun. G. W., the licker uv yoors that I hev drunk is lost to yoo forever. You can't git it back, even with a stumick pump. It is assimilatid long ago. It is whiskey no longer. Still I intend to pay you for it!"

"Pay me! How?"

"Easy enuff. The kentry is on the eve uv a politikle over-turn. The Republikin party, our anshent enemy, is fallin to pecces. The memory uv the great war is fadid out. It don't make any difference to the Northern Republikin, jist now, whether his nabor lost his leg at Stone River or in a thrashin masheen. Bloo is a turribly fadin color. Ther are thousands ov Republikins in Noo York wich are rangin therselves under the banner uv Tammany Hall for the sake uv reform, thousands more are votin the Prohibishen ticket and thus puttin us in power in the interest uv Tempranse, we hev histed the banner uv 'Tariff for Revenoo!" wich in Pennsilvany we constroo to be Tariff Reform with a leanin toward Protecksh̄un, and in Illinoy Tariff Reform with a leanin toward Free Trade. There are the unnumbered thousands uv Republikins whose services hevn't bin appreshiatid in that party in the way uv offis, who are clamorus for reform, and who demand a change, in short, we hev hitched onto our kite every shade uv politikle opinyun that is dissatisfied with suthin or other in the Republikin party, and we hev things so fixed that a Dimecratic triumf in 1884 is certin.

"When that happens, do you suppose that that infernal nigger, Lubbock, wich hez held my post-offlis here since the inoggeration uv the tyrant, Grant, is a goin to keep that sakred place? Is Pol lock goin to continoo in the Collector's offis to the exclooshun uv my frend, Issaker Gavitt? Not much. In them days, when reform sweeps the kentry, the nigger's head falls into the baskit, and I shel be Postmaster at the Corners. Will I pay for my likker then? Ez cheep ez livin is in the Corners, kin I not save enuff out uv my salery to declare regler dividends on wat I owe?

"Wat nonsense, with this prospeck, to hist me out now! Why kill the prospeck uv gittin wat I owe you? Why drive from your midst a man with an inkum, and an apeetite that never kin be satisfied? I leeve the matter in yoor hands. Do with me ez yoo will. Only don't make no mistakes. A Dimekratic triumf meens me in the Postoffis and cash for likker."

They held a confrence wich lasted a hour. When they returned ther wuz a decidid change fur the better. Bascom asked me to take suthin, Deekin Pogram and the others extended ther hands hartily. They saw the pint. They finecly agreed that I shood live at the Deekin's ez of yore, that I shood rope in strangers for drinks ez fur ez possible, but that when that wuz not possible, Bascom shood give me oredit for enuff to sustane life. It was further agreed that I shood agin assoom controle uv the organizashen uv the party at the Corners, reed the noosepaper to em ez I yoosed to do, and, in short, resoom my old place.

Thus everything is serene agin with me. I hev a fresh stock uv lies to tell em fur none uv em wuz ever further from home than Looisville, and Yoorup is entirely noo to em. I hev this percentage on em, that no matter wat I say, none uv em kin dispoot me. I kin crush a doubter by simply sayin, "Perhaps you hev bin there, and know. Wuz you ever in Parce? Well, then, wat do yoo know about it?"

I shel be more comfortable than ever. I am fixed till 1884, and then, when we hev won the fite, I shel hev four yeers more anyhow, and by that time I shel want nothin more. The lillies uv the valley will cover me, and in the next world it will make no difference to me who is President or who holds the Postoffis.

My present is pleasant, and my fucher is ashoored. Wat more kin I want?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Onct more on his nativ heath.)

California Stage Driving.
Milwaukee Sentinel.

The skill of the drivers in the downward drives is something wonderful. The roads are a continuous succession of the letter S, winding in and out about the heads of gulches, in many places the turn being so sharp as to let the three teams of horses form the three sides of it. They are also rough and rutty at this season of the year, and at the rapid motion the roughest places must be avoided.

The driver, on his high seat, with his six lines and long whip in hand, and one foot on the brake with the other as a brace on the footboard, appears to have as perfect control of the whole turnout as if it was a puppet. He will throw those six horses from one side of the road to the other to straddle a rut or or avoid a stone as if they were one animal. Sometimes the hub will scrape the bank on the upper side, and the next instant the wheels will be on the very edge on the down side. When approaching a sharp corner and one's impulse is to slow down, crack will go his whip, and we dash around it like a gush of wind. The reins seem to be nerves, or living tissues, conveying the driver's thoughts, and their pulses beat and their hearts throb in unison.

An accident seldom happens with those drivers, for extreme caution, coupled with absolute control of their team and vehicle and perfect knowledge of the laws of stage motion, governs all their acts. They are compelled to make rapid progress down hill to compensate for the slower motion up, and they have learned by experience all its safeguards, and practice them. One driver will make this drive of 75 miles into the mountains one day, and back again the next, every day of his life, until he knows every turn, rut and stone on the line, and his sinews are as strong as the lash of his whip.

From the snow and mud of the Upper Sierras to the flowers of the foothills and the ripening grain of the valley below is only a daylight drive, and we rejoice again in the presence of early Summer.

Welcome Paralysis.
Norristown Herald.

A New York barber who had lost his wife by death says he felt her cold hand upon his face the other night while lying in his bed, and he "couldn't cry out because his tongue was paralyzed with terror." His customers, it is said, have petitioned the deceased wife to lay her cold hand upon his face while he is shaving them. If she complies, his trade will increase rapidly.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see:
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea.
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam.
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

SO NEARLY WON.

Whitehall Review.

The carriage was just turning the corner of the drive where the tall evergreens grow thickest, the final shower of rice and the last old satin slipper were falling far behind it, when James Grafton realized for the first time that Lettie was gone indeed, and had left him there alone and unprotected. For him the bright June day seemed suddenly overclouded, and his own little dontenetic world strangely empty in spite of the merry chattering groups of bridal guests on his sunny lawn. In another instant the carriage had disappeared; the bridesmaids and their attendant swains turned laughingly away, and sauntered off mostly in couples; for one wedding is very provocative of another, few things being more infectious than love-making.

James Grafton went toward his house with a very grave face (he had been standing on the path that he might watch the carriage to the very last), and on the doorstep he met his two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry, both widows and arrayed in different shades of iron-gray silk. It was awful to have to face them alone, without that good, kind, brave Lettie, who hitherto looked so well after him and his interests, who had always stood between him and the widows. They seemed to have come fearfully near to him all at once. Were they going to crush him completely? Would they eat him up and pick his bones? What would they do to him?

James Grafton was a bachelor of 40 or thereabouts. Lettie, his only sister, whom he had a couple of hours ago most unselfishly given away to Col. Rathbone at the little white church at the foot of the hill, although many years younger than himself had always fought his domestic battles for him, and had been quite equal to the task of defending him from any number of aggressive relatives. And James Grafton needed a protector badly, for he was the only man of his family who had ever made any money; while his brothers after trying hard to ruin him as well as themselves, had died penniless, leaving him thirteen nephews and nieces to care for as well as two widows, whose only jointures were a couple of very different, but to James Grafton, equally objectionable tempers. A heavy burden truly, but he and Lettie had taken it up bravely and cheerfully, and had done very much more than their duty.

But now James Grafton had given Lettie away; she was gone, and the widows were standing on the doorstep saying all sorts of pretty things about the pretty wedding and charming bride. There was a great blank where Lettie had been. Oh, then, surely the widows and the 13 children could fill it. Everything his friends said brought this thought to James Grafton's mind. But that only made the blank look blanker. Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry did not love each other. How could they, being the mothers of two rival clans of children? "That woman" was the term by which the one indicated the other in a general way; but to-day, as each tried to excel the other in doing the honors of James Grafton's very picturesque little house, no one, except the keenest observer, could have told that open war raged permanently between the two smiling ladies who received so graciously the parting congratulations of the wedding guests. James Grafton, however, knew the state of affairs only too well, and as he watched the groups on the lawn thinning, and carriage after carriage driving off, his heart sank down and down, and the blackness of darkness settled upon him.

At length all had departed except the sister-in-law and their elder children. Mrs. Charles at once began to explore the house, which during Lettie's reign she had never been able to do quite to her heart's content, and Mrs. Harry followed her stealthily about, as a detective might watch a suspected thief. As for James Grafton, he took his melancholy way into his library.

"Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed with sudden joy, as his eyes fell upon a note lying upon his desk. "From Lettie! Dear girl! How thoughtful!" He eagerly tore open the envelope. It already appeared to him as if she had been gone some centuries. The note had been scribbled in desperate haste and excitement, but it brought hope and courage with it. "My dearest old Jim," it ran, "be firm now, or you are lost forever. I see they don't mean to go. They must go, both of them. Keep to our arrangement. Don't yield an inch. You dear lamb, how I grieve to leave you so defenceless! If you value my peace of mind, speak to Eunice Bell to-morrow and know your fate. She likes you; I am sure of it. I am fond of her; so are you. Perhaps you think you are not; but mind what I tell you—you are. How happy I should be if I could only feel that you were in her good hands. Believe me, dear, she is a most sweet thing—With fondest love, your own Lettie." James Grafton had always had a fair and rather delicate complexion. It was not much the worse for wear. It turned a vivid scarlet as he read the last part of his sister's note.

"How on earth could she have guessed? What have I said or done to suggest such an idea? 'Believe me, dear, she is a most sweet thing.' I knew that well enough without Lettie's telling me. 'I'm fond of her; so are you.'" And in spite of having lost a first love "whom the angels call Lenore," or some other delicious name, James Grafton, this bachelor of 40 years, sighed with almost youthful fervor for his second. "'She likes you; I am sure of it.'" Aye, there's the rub! "'Likes—likes—likes me,'" he repeated, "but perhaps still loves some one on the other side of the world. Does she? Why shouldn't I know?"

He read Lettie's note through again; it was singularly inspiriting; never before had the case been put before him so clearly, never had he dared, even in his inmost thoughts, to put it so clearly to himself. He opened his eyes widely.

"Have I been a fool, I wonder? I must have been or I should have—. But here he was roughly interrupted. Mrs. Charles's girls and Mrs. Harry's boys, who always had the greatest contempt for each other, had come to blows and now burst into the library crying and sobbing, and making the house resound with their clamorous demands for instant justice. The mothers, who had been hurrying each other until frail human nature could stand it no longer, rushed to the rescue. The noise became terrific. Mrs. Charles demanded the immediate expulsion of 'that woman and her ill-mannered children." Mrs. Harry returned the compliment with vigor. James Grafton, unused to such scenes, fled in dismay. They followed him to the shrubbery, and when they had driven him thence they tracked him to the poultry-yard, where, rendered desperate by sheer despair, he turned upon them and declared he would not re-enter the house until both had left it. There was something so resolute in the way in which he sat down on some logs by the pump, as if he would stay there forever sooner than yield, that, knowing further resistance was useless, the widows departed. For many hours afterward James Grafton felt that he was the greatest brute in the world. He was, as regarded women and children, a most tender-hearted creature. He hated himself for his harshness; it made him feel degraded and unworthy even to woo so sweet a being as Eunice Bell. It was far in the next day before his self-respect returned.

James Grafton's house was pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, not many miles from London. Eunice Bell lived with a married sister in Tulip-tree lane, within an easy walk of the bachelor's residence. James Grafton, being on intimate terms with the family, knew, as indeed all the neighborhood knew, that about two years ago Miss Bell had been engaged to be married. Then there had been a quarrel and estrangement. He, the lover, had gone abroad; she—why one day she caught sight of her own face in the looking-glass and repeated to herself:

Charlotte, when she saw her lover
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Other people said she went on living the same simple, helpful, beautiful life that she always had lived.

There was a difference to her in the aspect of things, doubtless, but if there were she never made others feel it. But now that broken romance was all over. But there are some events which never recede into the past; they live forever in a perpetual now, although one may agree with one's self to behave as if they had never occurred.

Now, James Grafton had had a broken romance of his own in early life. Gentle death had taken his "Lenore," leaving a wound in his heart, which, although deep, had no bitterness in it. So it had healed very fairly. It was a deference to Miss Bell's feelings, not his own, that had kept him silent hitherto, for in truth he was very much in love with her, and had been for some time past. James Grafton had promised to dine in Tulip-tree lane the day after his sister's wedding. He read Lettie's note over three times before he started.

"It's that 'likes' that makes me hesitate," he said to himself, as he began to descend the hillside by a broad highway. "Or, perhaps," he ventured to hope presently, "perhaps the 'like' was only Lettie's modest way of putting 'loves.' Lettie was always so modest. Yes, yes, it may be so; but no! it won't do. I'm a fool for thinking so. And yet—why not?" And his thoughts recurred to that other time when he had asked his Lenore what he now wanted to ask Eunice Bell.

That other time—ah! then he had been young, impetuous, madly in love. Then he had had no need to ask himself questions; then he had been only too sure. Now, going down the hill to the house where Eunice Bell lived, he was full of doubts and fears and hesitations. "Yet why not?" he asked himself, as he turned the corner into Tulip-tree lane.

He had grown very fond of that lane. As he turned the well-known corner, it was to him as if he were in the presence of a familiar friend and counsellor; it was as if he had asked—"Yet why not?" to some one else than himself. And everything in the lane seemed to hush his forebodings, and say with a curious, all-pervading soothingness—"Why doubt?"

Beyond the low hedges there were miles and miles of smiling, undulating English landscape, full of infinite calm and gentleness. How it happened I cannot say; but as James Grafton walked soberly through the lane, all hesitation fled away, and his face grew as restful as his heart had suddenly become. And was not that kindly face, with its strange and winning touch of purity, one which a good woman could hardly fail to love? The inevitable young couple who haunt the lane passed him; he did not covet their happiness, as he had often done; he was too happy himself. A turn of the road showed him the house where Eunice Bell lived; a large, old-fashioned house, dignified but homelike. From the lawn rose a stately cedar. Beside the dark cedar was a green tulip-tree covered with pale blossoms. The voices of children at play reached him from behind the old red wall of the garden. With them came—Ah! what was that? Her voice. James Grafton felt his pulse quicken as he hastened his steps toward the house. In fancy he saw her out there under the tree the guardian of the little group of children. Propitious moment! Now if he could but seize it! And eagerly, as if for the first time in his life, he hurried on to meet his fate—his fate that at that very moment was rushing how surely, how swiftly, to meet him!

* * * * *

While James Grafton had been coming through the lane, the object of his thoughts and affections, Eunice Bell, had been sitting, just as he had imagined, and as he had often seen her, within the shadow of the great trees. She was dressed for dinner, in a half toilet of some soft dove-colored, Summer-like fabric. She was 10 years younger than James Grafton, although for the last two years she had considered herself distinctly an old maid. Her hair was soft and fair. Her figure slight and tall—a little too slight, perhaps. Her face was very placid. At the moment James Grafton had turned into the lane it was grave as well as placid. Presently (was it because she knew the striking of the church clock that he must be coming nearer?) a thought made her smile. She was thinking of James Grafton then; telling herself she liked him, feeling that somehow or another the idea of being always an old maid was imperceptibly melting. "Is it only friendship just touched with sentiment, or does he really care for me?" The question pleased her, but she knew the answer perfectly well; she knew he cared for her. Then she sighed; her lips half curled with scorn, but not scorn for him. No one (except his sisters-in-law) could regard James Grafton with anything but profound respect. "Rest, trustfulness and love! Ah! I have sometimes thought them idle words; but to see the smile of this good man is to know—"

She never finished the sentence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Gas Meter Joke.
Boston Transcript.

"Here," said an ignorant fellow, as he stepped into a jeweler's shop, "I can't do anything with this watch. I've shoved the regulator round as far as it will go, but it keeps a losing time." "Why, man," exclaimed the jeweler, "it's an hour and a half ahead of time now! What did you set it by?" When it was ascertained that the silly fellow had been trying to time it by a gas-meter, the jeweler didn't wonder a bit that the watch couldn't begin to keep up.

Good Grounds for Divorce.
Hartford Post.

An Illinois man got a divorce from his wife because she fed him on cod-liver oil for breakfast and bought a piano which she did not know how to play. If the latter offence is to become ground for divorce we shall all be turned out into the green pasture of single blessedness.

A STRANGE WOOING.

[Concluded.]

It may be imagined with what a face Mary heard this speech. So far as Pickering was concerned, she cared not a jot for the verdict. But for her own self-respect and womanhood she desired to hear, and waited, pale and set, her unconscious hand resting in her lover's. Mrs. —— hesitated, not in doubt of the sentence, but in sheer surprise and bewilderment. Then she cried heartly: 'Mary is all good and true, Mr. Pickering! The man who wins her heart can make her mind what he will. You it is, allow me to say so, whom I might doubt.'

Then, as was natural, Mary reasserted herself. Throwing away the hand that clasped hers, she looked Pickering in the face with even more wildcat in her expression than he had yet admired.

'You are a rude and impertinent boy!' And so withdrew, as hot and indignant, as stately and as witching, as you please Pickering laughed softly.

Of course she refused to see him, and wept when Mrs. —— urged his claim to courteous treatment. He was only mocking her—besides she hated him! Live with a white man, among 'all white' people! She would die! or rather, she would kill herself and everybody! He spoke of a mother and sister awfully white, doubtless! Oh, please, dear Mrs. ——, let her go back home, if this must continue. She was a wicked girl naturally, and something would happen if they teased her! 'Something will happen you' is a negro threat of mischief, not to be disregarded. But Mrs. —— was not afraid.

Time went on, but Pickering's affairs did not progress. Mary would not see him in the house, nor would she stir abroad. Exercise is not essential to Creole comfort. But in a month or so arrived a number of boxes to the address of Lieut. Pickering, which he forwarded to Mrs. ——, keeping back only one. She, in the secret, begged Mary to unpack them. All manner of pretty things were there, which I had been commissioned to buy at Funchal—dainty dresses, hats and shoes, and linen simply and gracefully fashioned. The French *modiste* in whom I had confided had entered with enthusiasm into our romance. Mary glowed with admiration as box after box displayed its girlish treasures. 'Oh, how pretty, pretty!' she cried.

'Try this one, dear,' said Mrs. ——, 'and this, and this!' The girl tried them and blushed, and nearly cried. 'What beautiful things white ladies wear!' she sighed, looking at her own bright image.

'Could you not bear to see Mr. Pickering, when you are dressed like that?' asked Mrs. —— softly. The thought was not resented. Mary only said, 'It is the dress. My heart is not changed.'

'Then let us bleach it!' cried Mrs. —— gayly. 'The black color does not go very deep!' Mary sighed, and began to take off the dress, with sad glances at her mirror. Mrs. —— saw the truth might be risked. 'The things are not sent for me, dear. You need not disguise yourself again.'

Mary's color came and went. She looked an inquiry, frowned, shivered a little, and began to cry. 'It is silly of him,' she sobbed, 'and wicked, when he knows what I am.' But there was no trouble in persuading her to keep and wear the dresses. The concession, which would have been most difficult to obtain from a modest English girl, was granted by this little savage without one thought saving triumph and pleasure. She did not understand that the giver might expect gratitude. She felt no sense of obligation. A present descended, as it were, from heaven, and she caught it. That Pickering should be concerned in the transaction was slightly irritating, but of course it did not really matter.

Possessing a wardrobe such as never yet had been aired in that settlement, Mary could not restrain from displaying it. Here the artful youth had placed his ambush. It need not be told how he gradually used the girl to meeting him, until at length he earned a customary right to escort her. His Colonel strongly disapproved; his brother officers ridiculed while they envied him—for theirs was a dreary life. But little serious advance had been made even yet. If Mary lost something of her shyness as weeks passed by, she lost nothing of her distrust. This shrewd lover perceived that it was time to strike again.

One day he carelessly complained of headache and sickness. Mary had heard with a cruel indifference of other mishaps, but these symptoms alarmed her. It is painfully droll to observe a mingling of pride with the horror which African creoles entertain toward their native disease. It is the deadliest of non-epidemic maladies, and it always strikes the white man—seldom themselves. To European science it is mysterious in beginning, course and termination, while their rude arts conquer it, or they think they do. These facts comfort the negro and the creole under their consciousness of inferiority. The white man may be semi-divine, but the fever is his master; the colored man may be a dog, but he masters the fever. I am not sure that Mary would have suffered agonies worth description if Pickering had taken cholera; but this was a different case. She displayed such a pretty interest and concern that the youth was almost tempted to rely on his own merits. Luckily he resisted this impulse, and next day it was announced that Lieut. Pickering 'had got the fever.'

The natural course of this horrid malady lends itself to deception at the opening stages. Mary was not surprised to see her lover waiting for the usual promenade, pale and heavy-eyed, but able to take part in conversation. When he suddenly, languidly, put his arm round her, and took a piteous kiss, she blushed very much, and gently repulsed him but felt no astonishment. It was a bad sign only, and her eyes filled. After a melancholy dinner with my late hosts, Pickering grew worse. His glassy eyes began to shine, and he talked very fast. Mrs. —— would not hear of his returning to the castle. She and Mary would nurse him. When that young lady added tearful entreaties, Pickering consented. If I have rightly explained her feeling, it will be understood that no extreme regard for the patient moved her. It was the fever she would combat rather than the lover she would tend. So a bed and things were brought, a room prepared, and Pickering smoked and chuckled through half the night, while his hosts sadly recalled the number of bright young fellows who had died, as he probably would die.

But Nemesis will not be trifled with. Before dawn Pickering recognized with a cold thrill those pains which he had simulated. Getting out of bed to rouse his 'boy,' the agony of that movement made him groan. The doctor came at once and exhibited blue pill.' Mrs. ——, who knew so well the course of the disease, was greatly suprised to find her patient back in its first stage. He kissed Mary again when she entered the breakfast room, and she neither blushed nor repulsed him. The counterfeit had not been suspected, but the truth was manifest. The arm around her sought support, the eyes that looked into hers had a wan pleading for life besides love. Pickering had room for no emotious save despair. Who was he to master and rule this fresh young creature, so strong, so cool and collected? He took her hands in his—where the veins already showed blue, and the sun-dye had vanished in a single night; he leaned his heavy head on her shoulder, and murmured with tears: 'Love me, Mary; only say it, for I shall die in two days.'

You think my friend's behavior contemptible? I do not draw on fancy. The African fever crushes a man's soul before it rots his body. I recall no case in my experience where the sufferer did not mourn his life, and die each moment in anticipation. No other disease has this effect. We saw a hero, a giant of stature as of courage, who cried like a sick girl as he went home to take the guerdon of his bravery. He died in sight of land.

But Pickering was not so evil-starred. He says now that Mary's whisper saved him, untruthful though it was. Days of pain and wretchedness unspeakable, followed by weeks of impotent misery, reduced him to the likeness of a tottering old man. But he never lost consciousness nor mistook his love—signs that are fatal. A passion which had been half affected became absorbing; and Mary felt the change. She saw that as soon as the sick man recovered, she must give him a serious answer. Without telling herself what that should be, she wistfully studied Mrs. ——, and tried to learn her ways of thought. When Pickering was pronounced to be out of danger, she suddenly went home and begged from her sisters the instruction so long rejected. The lover followed as soon as he could walk, but Mary would not see him alone, nor would listen to his prayers. The doctor ordered him to England, but he would not consent to go. Mrs. —— brought them together at length by a stratagem. Mary was pale, but resolved. 'I am no proper person for you to marry!'

'Let me decide that.'

'I cannot do so. There is your mother and the rest.'

'They would adore you.'

'It is absurd! I am not white, I am ignorant, and worse. Why, you, yourself—. She had not courage to finish the sentence on which she had placed great faith. Sudden blushes choked her.

'I?—oh! Well, if I didn't see you, it doesn't matter; and if I did, you can marry no one but me.'

Her tone changed. 'Oh please go away to England, and never come back!'

'Not unless you accompany me. I will never leave this coast without you.'

'But you will die. The fever is returning even now. You cannot be so wicked as to throw away your life.'

'Suicide is a less crime than murder.'

'Oh! But you are not serious?'

'Look at me!' Shyly she raised her eyes and let them fall with a deeper blush. Her arguments all exhausted, she tried to lash herself to anger, but the wildcat spirit was weakened. It vanished forever in the wrathful flash of her eye and the shrinking of her lithe body as Pickering took her in his arms. He felt it, and murmured in sad surprise: 'You do not love me at all, then?'

'I do not!' Mary answered, with emphasis.

He let her go, and tears of weakness and disappointment came into his eyes. The woman's heart in her swelled. She came near, and took his arm, and whispered, with her downcast head upon his breast: 'It was true! But perhaps—I think—I may sometime!'

* * * * * *

'But how can you possibly be married before the steamer sails' asked Mrs. —— in distress.

'There was another box from Funchal. Let us open it while Mary is away.' Everthing needful was there, from orange blossoms to shoes. Mrs. —— exclaimed: "How shall we deceive the child about the purchase of these things? I don't believe there ever was such impudence! If Mary knew that her wedding dress was ordered within three days of your first meeting, she would run into the bush again.'

'Yes! But see what a useful quality is conceit sometimes!'

* * * * * * *

Pickering has exchanged into a cavalry regiment. His wife is the sweetest, brightest, quaintest little lady in the country.

She Was Cleaning House.
Detroit Free Press.

The other day a tramp found a real female philanthropist in Detroit. She felt sorry for him, and said she knew that he was a victim of misfortune, and there were tears in her eyes as she gave him an old vest and told him to return next day and get the coat to match. He told her of losing his family by a steamboat explosion—of having his home taken away on a mortgage—of being a wanderer, before whose eyes the lost wife and precious children were ever appearing to keep his heart big, and his courage down, and if he had only remained five minutes longer she would have wept outright.

He went away thinking what a soft thing he had on this cold world, and a day or two subsequently he returned for the coat. The painters had been at work and finished the veranda. As there was no board up the tramp walked up the steps and marched the whole length of the freshly-painted floor, and rapped at the door, with his mouth puckered up into the proper mournful expression. It was opened by the woman, but she had no smiles or tears.

"Get off that paint, you good-for-nothing!" she yelled—"Get out o' here, you villain!"

"Madam, that coat you——!"

"I'll coat you! Look at your feet—look at that paint—look at the damage."

He was still looking, holding up first one foot and then the other, when the handle of a broom cracked across his back and he felt obliged to slide.

"I came for that coat," he remarked as he stood on the grass.

"You'll get a prison coat, if you don't travel," she replied. Here dog—here dog—here dog! Take hold of him, Bowser!"

The tramp moved on to the front, and standing there with his hand on a shade tree he surveyed the house and muttered:

"Why didn't Shakspere say that hell hath no fury like a woman cleaning house? Well, I'd better stop here and warn agents not to enter the shadder of death."

What a "Himble" Is.
Sunday School Journal.

There are glimpses now and then of the blunders which are made through a hearer's misapprehension of a familiar phrase or a common word; but the half is never suspected by any preacher, or teacher, or parent. "Mamma," recently asked a bright little boy of six years—"mamma, what is a himble?" repeated his mother, wonderingly. "Why, where did you hear that word?" "Why, it's in my Sunday School hymn 'Little ones to himblelong.' What is a himble?" There was a cheery sound to that word, as it jingled out in the Sunday School singing "Little Ones to Him Belong;" and, if it was anything reasonable, that boy thought he would "himble" as long as the rest of his class. Wise questioning brings out a good many such blunders as that, but, as a rule, the children have to do the questioning.

A Chunk of Conjugal Taffy.
Somerville Journal.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking around the furniture stores to-day?" asked a young Somerville husband of his lately made wife, on her return from her tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied; "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them."

The halo of calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Second Series.

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XXXVIII.

More of Venice—The Church—A General Remark—The Legend of the Three Saints—Gondolas and Lotteries.

PICTURESQUE RELIGION.

The church has one use. An Italian girl of the lower class, with her long black hair coiled around her head, showing under a shawl thrown over head and shoulders, as only an Italian woman can wear it, kneeling in a church with her face turned to the wall, makes as striking a picture as painter could wish. On a festival day you may see hundreds of them, their knees on the cold stone floors, their eyes closed, their heads bent reverently and their lips moving as they say their prayers. Poor things! This is their comfort, and it is a great thing for them to have this privilege of purging their souls at any time, that they may go out with their minds free and ready to commit any sin they choose. It is a comfort for the gondolier or the footpad to come and get rid of the accumulated sins of 24 hours, that he may go out pure, and rob people with the sweet confidence that comes from the fact that there is a church on every corner to which admission is free, and in which expiatory prayers may be said at any time. Venice could not get on without her churches. The form of religion is necessary to the nature of the people.

The women, if not beautiful are picturesque, and the men of the lower class are as striking looking as the world can produce. The churches are indispensable to the foot pads, and also to the artists who come hither to sketch them.

All this is proper. There is nothing picturesque in a Presbyterian Church in New York or a Congregational Church in New England. A negro camp-meeting in the South has something of the picturesque in it but Venice affords more subjects for an artist in an hour than all the religious institutions in America in a year. There is nothing striking in virtue—vice is always lurid. No painter wants to bother with a plain American farmer's family, but he sails over oceans to sketch the Venitian girl or the bandit-suggesting Venitian male citizen.

ITALIAN DECADENCE.

Italy commenced very badly some thousands of years ago, and in the direction of badness has made steady and regular progress. A system of republican force and robbery developed into an organized aristocracy built upon the same foundation, and when the greatness of the people departed, all the scum was left. The greatness evaporated and went elsewhere—the bad that was under it remained. Italy has but few great warriors, poets, painters, sculptors or statesmen left. She enjoys now the distinction of furnishing the world with organ-grinders, opera-singers, ballet-dancers, cooks and bad barbers. That is what Italy is now, and these are her principal exports.

Italian Cities are the graveyards of greatness, their tombstones being the palaces, bridges, viaducts, acqueducts, and other great works erected by a race that, even in that day of strong men, were giants. On the works of a really great race the present inferior race is living. The old Roman, when he invaded foreign countries, took his sword and shield (he wasn't very particular about the shield)—the modern Italian goes forth with his hand-organ and monkey, or sauce-pan. Nature always gives men the weapons they are best fitted to wield.

The successors of Cæsar and his legions are no more fitted to fill their places than an Ashantee negress is to sing in opera. The spectacle of an Italian of today contemplating the work of his ancestors impresses one about as would the sight of a militia General standing in front of the breeches of George Washington in the Patent Office at the Capital.

Old Italy built palaces of stone and marble, modern Italy builds them in paste and ice cream. Old Italy fought, modern Italy begs and swindles, and begs and swindles in the most abject and pitiful way. The old Roman was a brigand, but he did not keep a boarding house. He robbed in a majestic sort of way. There is the same difference that there is between a highwayman on horseback and a sneak thief.

Instead of controlling the world, the present Italian hasn't energy enough to keep in repair what his ancestors built for him. Raphael, Corregio, Titian and other great men painted pictures which the present Italian is making bad copies of. They made sculptures in the brave old days when Italy was something; the modern Italian lives by showing them. The center of European art is moving northward, and music, the last thing left them, holds its position by as precarious a tenure as she does her political status, which is by sufferance. They have come to be a sallow-faced, long-haired, second-hand-dealing, macaroni-eating, boarding-house keeping, sauce-concocting, meat-torturing, shear-wielding, relic-exhibiting people who hold a political life by sufferance, and have no more to do with the world than the fly has with the cart wheel he chances to alight upon. Italy is supported by America, England and Germany, and were the climate to change so as to keep those nationalities at home they would all starve. Think of a country that lives upon the catarrhs of stronger people! It is fortunate the present race have to beg so persistently for a living. Had they any pride or any knowledge of how really great their ancestors were, they would all go off the bridges of the most convenient river from sheer shame at their degeneracy. It is a horrible thing to live by selling the old clothes of your ancestors, and that is what Italy is doing.

A VENITIAN LEGEND.

Italy is a reminiscence—a dream of the long-ago. Legends lay around loose in Venice, and the people believe in them, or profess to,

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

With the habitual drunkard life is reel.—*New York Journal.*

A man aged 90, living in South Carolina, is studying Chinese and has already made fair progress.

French Canadians are called "lard eaters" in Biddeford, Me., because it is supposed they use it as butter.

"What! Not lend a paltry $10 to me—to your other self?" "My dear fellow, I should never get it back—I know myself too well."

Clerk—What is the best method of spending a fair income? We hardly know, tastes are so different. You might try paying your debts.—*Ex.*

A Troy man got dead drunk the other day, and somebody thought he was poisoned and had him pumped out. His wrath was terrible.

It is wrong to poach chickens, but perfectly proper to poach eggs. So you see there is a difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

"The jack's trumped," said the card-player, as the train jolted uncomfortably. "And the trick's pumped," said his partner, as the train rolled into the ditch.

First ice man—Any mean people on your route? Second ice man—I should say so; meanest set I ever run across. Why, three out of five families keep scales."—*Philadelphia News.*

The farmer who is certain that he can beat an express train at a highway crossing may slip over safely two or three times, but his wife, if a prudent woman, will begin saving up butter and eggs to buy mourning with.

"I'm so glad," said an elderly lady in a Pittsburg street car yesterday, "to see by the papers that Mr. Brady has been hung, and without any fuss, too. Now we will hear no more of that awful Star Route trial."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

While Mr. Gladstone delights in felling trees Lord Salisbury is devoted to tennis—not lawn tennis, but the real game—Sir Stafford Northcote remains loyal to croquet, Mr. W. E. Forster loves whist best, and Lord Randolph Churchill is an enthusiast over the chess-board.

"Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?" "Ah, my poor little Penjymin Levi—he is dead!" "Dead! You surprise me. How did it happen?" "Vell, you see, my little Penjymin he ves at der synagogus to say his prayers, and a poy put in his bed at der toor and grid, 'Job lot!' and little Penjymin—he vas gilt in der grush."

It is said that the Indians of Alaska do not belong to the same race as the North American Indians but that they are probably an offshoot from the Japanese or Coreans. The missionaries who have been laboring among these say that in many respects their conceptions of moral laws are better than those of civilized nations.

Some person with a turn for dismal statistics has computed that the chances of being murdered in Rome and England are as 237 to 1. In Rome there is a homicide to every 7.9 inhabitants; in England one to every 178,000. In London there are four illegitimate children born to every 100; and in Rome the proportion is 248 to 100.

Charley, the 3-year-old of the household, stood an attentive and interested looker-on while grandma's parlor plates for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unwashed. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it into his chubby hand, and, turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed: "Take 'am c'oes off and give 'im bwiff, too."

The Belgian Government has just accepted a legacy left to the "godless schools" of Ypres by a Brussels tailor, a whimsical free-thinker, who, several months before his death, wrote out the following announcement relating to that event: "21, Adolphus Type has the honor to inform you of his departure for the other world, and asks you to accompany his body to the cemetery in which he will be buried by civil rite on the — — at ——. He leaves this earth without regret."

South Bernera, the famous lighthouse of the Hebrides, is visited only twice a year by the supply ship and once a year by the priest, on account of the difficulty of landing even a life-boat on the coast. The entire population of the island does not exceed 20 persons. They live mostly on the eggs of wild fowl, fish and milk. Storms rage for more than half the year, the region being noted for tornadoes and cyclones. The lighthouse stands on the summit of a crag 700 feet above the sea.

It is said that an enterprise is now on foot that in breadth and bigness is the largest thing in this decade. It is a plan to get part of the grip of the United States $13,000,000, with accumulated interest for nearly 20 years. The money was received for cotton taken from private individuals and sold by Government agents. It was the intention of Sec. Chase to hold this money in trust for the persons to whom the cotton belonged, but for some years nobody has for some to obtain a dollar. The new combination has brains, courage and money behind it, so it may win. It will play for a big stake.

FOR THE LADIES.

A female seminary, after the plan of Vassar College, is to be erected at a cost of $200,000, by the Presbytery of Los Angeles, Cal.

"Eat onions, sis," is the Boston *Post's* advice to a young lady who wants to know how to avoid having a moustache on her upper lip.

According to the census reports British India contains more than 63,000 widows under 10 years of age; 1,372,145 between 10 and 15, while there are 15,312,145 more between 15 and 20.

A colored woman in Alabama fastened her teeth in a mule's nose and hung on until he carried her 80 rods, and yet there are no medals for colored heroines.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The ladies of Amite City, La., who have gone into the silk-worm business, instead of selling the cocoons, propose to spin and sell their own silk, and will have woven fabrics on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition next year.

Marriageable women are scarce and high in Utah. "Elder Jim Wood and Susan Stokiard of Bountiful celestialized in the early Springtime, the elder giving for Susan a cow and a load of hay." Celestialization means polygamous marriage.

"Ma," said Maria Parvenu to her mother, "I see by the papers that the Duke of Newcastle is here—who's he?" "Oh," said ma, "he's some rich Englishman, whose father is in the coal business. Don't you know all the best coal goes to Newcastle.

A Santa Fe paper says: Lorenzita, the belle of Cochita, walked into this city behind a burro with her father yesterday, a distance of 60 miles, did her shopping, and started on her return at 4 o'clock. She is the handsomest Pueblo maiden in all this section, and is particularly noted for her modesty and good nature.

"I don't see what makes this bread so heavy," said a young housekeeper. "Perhaps you didn't put in enough yeast," suggested her husband's mother. "Oh, no, that couldn't be," replied the young wife, ingenuously; "the more yeast I put in, the heavier it would be, you know." As the young cook had studied mathematics, her knowledge was not to be questioned, and the elder lady was silenced.

It takes a 'oman five times as long to git in de bed as it does a man. She has ter cross de fild a certain number of times, an' has ter fumble 'mong de quilts, turn down de lamp too low, an' den go back an' turn it up too high. A 'oman walks mighty light when she's got shoes on, but when she takes 'em off an' walks she shakes de whole house like a dog trottin' 'cross a bridge.

Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, will send photographs and print drawings of sun, moon and stars, the results of her own observations and those of her advanced classes, to the women of the Educational and Industrial Union, for their exhibit at the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute of 1883. Rose Herschel, Sir John Herschel's daughter, will also send similar objects.

When Mrs. Grant was at the White House she ordered for the banquets a long, flat mirror for the center of the table, and this, with the Hiawatha boat, selected by Mrs. Hayes, is the handsomest ornament for the dinner service. The mirror is beautifully and effectively arranged with flowers. The flowers are all supposed to have come from the White House conservatory, but that does not always supply as many as are needed.

Remarkable for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

BLIND CHANCE.

A Thorough Investigation of the Louisiana Lottery by a Representative of "The Times."

How the Scheme is Operated, and the Men Who are Connected with It

A Gambling Institution with a State Charter and a Government License.

Opinions As to Its Fairness and the Manner of Its Workings.

Chicago Times, May 16, 1883.

In all ages of the world's history, among all races of people, however highly civilized or the exact reverse, the passion for wooing the fickle goddess of chance has invariably manifested itself. Legislators and lawgivers have striven in vain by the enactment of the most stringent statutes to repress the practice of gambling in some or other of its manifold forms, for the instinctive desire to attain sudden wealth by the hazard of a die, the revolution of a wheel, or the turn of a card is too deeply implanted in the minds of men to be driven out by the power of legal enactment. The subject is a fruitful one, and might be made the text for a thousand homilies upon the folly and weakness of mankind, as it has served to point a million morals in the past. But *The Times* to-day proposes to deal with only one branch of this great moral problem, and to treat only of the lottery business as conducted by the Louisiana State Lottery Company, an institution which has its ramifications in every City of the United States, and in no where more strongly represented than in Chicago.

It is well known to all that the early legislators of the State of Illinois, in their desire to protect the morals of the commonwealth, enacted constitutional provisions forbidding the authorization by the General Assembly of any lottery or gift enterprise within the State. In accordance with these provisions laws have been passed, and so far as Illinois is concerned, the lottery business is under the ban. But in other States, and notably in the South, different ideas have governed, and as the effect of the lotteries established under the sanction of local laws in Louisiana is by no means confined to that State, it becomes a matter of general interest to trace their workings. For this reason the *Times* has made a thorough and searching investigation into the manner in which the one great lottery of the country is conducted, by sending one of its reporters to Louisiana to examine into affairs on the ground. The result of his inquiries is given herewith. His instructions were to make thorough examination into the financial and legal status of the Louisiana State Lottery, to examine its charter from the Legislature, and to see whether it complied with the State Constitution, in which the validity of such charter is recognized and guaranteed. He was also to ascertain from State and City officials in New Orleans whether the Company lived up to its contract with the State in the matter of providing for charitable institutions, and to obtain the opinion of bankers and business men about the concern. Lastly, and most important of all, he was to witness the drawing of prizes as conducted monthly in New Orleans, and to satisfy himself beyond peradventure as to the honesty and fairness of the system. Whether a lottery be forbidden by law, as in Illinois, or chartered by the State, as in Louisiana, there can of course be but one opinion as to the fact that if it be conducted unfairly it should be exposed as a swindle.

The History of the Lottery.

In the year 1868 the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana adopted in legal form "An act to increase the revenues of the State, and to authorize the incorporation and establishment of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and to repeal certain acts now in force." This act provided that no foreign lottery tickets should be sold within the State, and gave to certain citizens named the power to organize a corporation under the following regulations:

ARTICLE 1. The name and title of this corporation shall be the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and the domicile thereof shall be in the City of New Orleans, State of Louisiana.

ART. 2. The objects and purposes of this corporation are: 1. the protection of the State against the great losses heretofore incurred by sending large amounts of money to other States and foreign countries for the purchase of lottery tickets and devices, thereby impoverishing our own people.

2. To establish a solvent and reliable home institution for the sale of lottery, policy, and combination tickets, devices, and certificates, fractional parts thereof, at terms and prices in just proportion to the prizes to be drawn, and to insure perfect fairness and justice in the distribution of such prizes.

3. To provide means to raise a fund for educational and charitable purposes for the citizens of Louisiana.

ART. 3. The capital stock of this corporation shall be $1,000,000, represented by ten thousand shares of $100 each.

There were provisions for a Board of Directors composed of seven stockholders, and the corporation was given all the corporate rights to sue, be sued, etc. The duration of its existence was fixed at 25 years. In consideration of the privileges thus granted and guaranteed, the Company on its part agreed to the following:

ART. 5. SECTION 1. The corporation shall pay to the State of Louisiana the sum of $40,000 per annum, which sum shall be payable quarterly in advance from and after the 1st day of January, 1869, to the State Auditor, who shall deposit the same in the treasury of the State, and which sum shall be credited to the educational fund; and said corporation shall be exempt from all other taxes and licenses of any kind whatever, whether from State, Parish or Municipal authorities.

SEC. 2. The corporation shall furnish bonds to the Auditor in the sum of $50,000, as security for prompt and punctual payment of the sums set forth in the preceding section.

The remaining provisions of the Charter regulated the matter of election of officers, and the general method under which the Company should work, and gave it for a period of 25 years from the 1st day of January, 1869, the sole and exclusive privilege of establishing and authorizing a lottery, or series of lotteries, and selling and disposing of lottery tickets, policy, combination devices, and certificates and fractional parts thereof.

Constitutional Guarantees.

The Constitution of 1879 provided in Article 167, as follows:

ARTICLE 167. The General Assembly shall have authority to grant lottery charters or privileges, *provided* each charter or privilege shall pay not less that $40,000 per annum in money into the treasury of the State; *and provided further* that all charters shall cease and expire on the 1st of January, 1895, from which time all lotteries are prohibited in the State.

The $40,000 per annum now provided by law to be paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company, according to the provisions of its charter granted in the year 1868, shall belong to the Charity Hospital of New Orleans, and the charter of said company is recognized as a contract binding on the State for the period therein specified, except its monopoly clause, which is hereby abrogated; and all laws contrary to the provisions of this article are hereby declared null and void, *provided* said company shall file a written renunciation of all its monopoly features in the office of the Secretary of State within 60 days after the ratification of this Constitution.

Of the additional sum raised by licenses on lotteries, the Hospital at Shreveport shall receive $10,000 annually, and the remaining sum shall be divided each year among the several parishes in the State for the benefit of their schools.

Thus doubly fortified by constitutional provision and an indefeasible charter, the question of the legal existence of the Louisiana State Lottery, so far as the State of Louisiana had the power to go, was proven on the start. Having satisfied himself on these points, the investigator proceeded to have a series of interviews with prominent officials and business men of New Orleans, which tell their own story, as follows:

State Auditor Jumel.

The Hon. Allen Jumel, Auditor of the State of Louisiana, who was staying a few days in New Orleans, was found, and submitted gracefully to the interviewing process. The reporter said:

"I want to ascertain through you, as an officer of the State, the fact as to the legal, moral, and financial standing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company."

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Jumel, "it is the greatest benevolent institution in the entire South. It is the milch cow for every charity, whether personal or public, in Louisiana. It is the backbone and support of all sanitary measures in New Orleans. It gives with a free and open hand to all deserving objects, whether church, school or public or private charity. It supports a Hospital, the largest and best in the Southern States, which gives shelter and medical or surgical treatment to the unfortunate, without distinction of class, creed or nationality. As an institution, it protects its franchise against hundreds of political parasites who would like to rob the company of its charter, regardless of the loss to the City of New Orleans which would follow, and for the purpose of obtaining concessions for themselves. The Louisiana State Lottery, as it is conducted, is perfectly square and honest. The officers are men of high standing and repute, and they cannot afford to endanger their reputations or risk the forfeiture of their franchise by any slight-of-hand work. If the thousands of administrators of estates in this country would guard the trusts devolved on them as faithfully as the officers of the Louisiana State Lottery Company protect theirs, there would be less suffering and want in the world."

"How about the fulfilment of the Charter provisions as to placing in your hands $40,000 every year for charitable purposes?"

"They pay in advance $10,000 every quarter into my office. During my long administration, I have never found them to be one day behind with their payments. As to the men who are identified with this great institution, their names have a national reputation. You can find out about them by inquiry among our best business men. The drawings are conducted under the personal supervision of Gen. G. T. Beauregard of this State, and Gen. Jubal A. Early of Virginia, whose names alone are an absolute guaranty of the bona fides of the Lottery."

"What can you tell me about the attempt made some time ago by Congressman Robertson of this State to induce the Postmaster General to stop the delivery of mail matter to the Lottery Company?"

"I can best answer that question by referring you to a paragraph which appeared in *The Times-Democrat* of this city on July 22 last, and which you can publish as it stands."

The paragraph was as follows:

THE LOTTERY AND THE MAILS.

Special to the Times Democrat.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Congressman Robertson, of Louisiana, has received a reply from the Postmaster-General to his letter relative to the use of the mails by the Louisiana Lottery Company. The Postmaster-General, in his reply, takes the ground that the Lottery Company is a legal institution, and that he cannot, therefore, prevent the Company from using the mails.

"What was the reason of Congressman Robertson's objection?"

"I do not care to go into details of the personal fight. I suppose 'the cow kicked.'"

"Where is Mr. Robertson now?"

"Up at Batoen Rouge. He has been elected to stay at home."

The Mayor of New Orleans.

General W. J. Behan, Mayor of New Orleans, was found at the City Hall. The reporter stated that the *Times* had sent him to New Orleans for the purpose of investigating the workings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and expressed the hope that Mayor Behan would freely furnish all the information in his power.

"I shall be very happy to do so," replied the courteous Executive. "I admire the enterprise of the Chicago *Times* in sending a representative so far from home for the investigation of information. The Lottery Company is doing a great work in the matter of alleviating human suffering and misery in our City."

The reporter stated that he had seen a number of the leading men of New Orleans, and that they all gave utterance to the same sentiments in regard to the honesty of the drawings, and the high personal character of the gentlemen connected with the Company.

"Yes," answered the Mayor, "it is, I believe, the only institution of the kind in the world which is absolutely free from any taint or suspicion of irregularity. I never bought a lottery ticket in my life, but being engaged in commercial pursuits [Mayor Behan conducts a large wholesale grocery business], I am personally acquainted with the honorable standing of each and every member of the Board of Directors of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. As to the Commissioners, Gens. Beauregard and Early, their reputations are national. The conduct of the lottery is beyond reproach."

"What are the facts as to the charitable work of the organization?"

"The Managers of the State Lottery Company never seem to tire of giving in a good cause. Their donations to charitable purposes extend over the world. As to their enterprise, I can only say that it resembles that of your Chicago men. If we had more of their kind, New Orleans would not take a back seat as a manufacturing and commercial City to any in this country."

Bank President Kohn.

The reporter in his researches for news among the commercial and financial magnates of New Orleans, met Mr. C. Kohn, President of the Union National Bank of that city, and propounded to him questions identical with those asked of the other gentlemen named.

"I shall be only too glad," said Mr. Kohn, "to tell the people of the North, through the medium of the *Times*, the facts as to the business standing and personal character of the Louisiana State Lottery. I am not interested in any way in lotteries, and am opposed to them and to all forms of gambling. I believe them to be a bad thing for any State or community to encourage. But I am willing to forgive the Managers of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for all the harm that lottery has ever done, if it has done any, in consideration of the good work it has done and is constantly doing for humanity. One-half will never be known of the true character of that corporation. Their hands are always open to the poor and needy, and when we were visited by epidemics they simply overflowed in charity."

Mr. Jules Cassard,

President of the Germania National Bank, was found at his private desk, industriously occupied in appending his official signature to bank notes about to be issued as currency. With much suavity and good humor he laid aside his work for the time to make the reporter feel thoroughly at home.

"I consider," he said, "the Chicago *Times* a great and enterprising newspaper. It is thoroughly known and its merits fully appreciated throughout the South. If there is any way in which I can serve you in the matter of getting information, you can command me."

The *Times* representative stated his business, and went on to show how the laws of the State of Illinois dealt with the lottery question; how in spite of all those laws there was a great eagerness among the people of the North, and especially the working-classes, to invest small sums in the hope of winning large prizes, and how they were liable to be imposed upon by concerns not operated upon a reliable business basis or manipulated by corrupt or improper persons. For these reasons, and in order to fully determine the financial and legal standing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, he had been sent to New Orleans to make his investigations upon the spot and to learn how the managers of the company stood in the estimation of their fellow-citizens and the business community.

Mr. Cassard replied: "From a moral point of view I do not endorse anything that tends to the encouragement of gambling or games of chance. But if a lottery is to exist, and it looks as if such was to be in the present constitution of humanity, it is of course desirable to have only such as are conducted honestly and fairly. Such an institution we have got right here in this city in the Louisiana State Lottery Company. I consider a ticket in that lottery as good as this piece of paper (picking up a $10 bill.) There are certain stipulations in regard to both which will be observed to the letter. I have no interest in this Lottery Company, either as a stockholder or otherwise, but I am personally acquainted with all its officials, and I know that their reputation as honest and conscientious business men is second to none in the city of New Orleans. Their stock cannot be purchased in the market, and it is the best paying investment paper in this country. At their time of life and with such an institution to maintain, the officers of that Company cannot afford to do anything to throw a cloud upon their names. I know there are plenty of men who would be very glad to find out some crooked work in the operations of this lottery so that they might come to the front and obtain a charter for themselves. You can rely upon it that if all was not square to the last cent the fact would be published far and wide. As to the Charity Hospital, which is supported by the Louisiana State Lottery Company, it is a noble institution, the doors of which are thrown open to the sick and suffering from all parts of the world. The charity of the Company knows no bounds of creed or race, and extends wherever want and misery are found. I receive a great many letters of inquiry about the lottery. Here is a letter calling for five tickets. I answer all these inquiries as I have answered you, and tell them that the lottery is conducted by honest men. We receive tickets for collection from all parts of the country, and they are invariably promptly honored."

Mr. J. H. Oglesby,

President of the Louisiana National Bank, is a very conservative business man, and like financiers generally, has little sympathy with anything which partakes of the nature of a gambling transaction. In reply to the questions of the reporter he said:

"I do not wish to interviewed on a matter I know nothing about. As to lotteries, I never had a ticket in my life, never expect to have one, and in my opinion any man who purchases a lottery ticket and expects to get rich in that way is very foolish."

"It is not in regard to the ethics of lotteries, Mr. Oglesby, that I desire information, but as to your knowledge of the men who are at the head of the Louisiana State Lottery. Of course you know Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Early, the Commissioners, and the Directors of the Company. What can you tell me about their standing in the business community?"

"I believe them to be men of honesty, ability and worth, but as to their lottery business I know nothing."

"Do you ever have lottery tickets sent to you for collection through corresponding banks in other Cities?"

"Yes, sir, hundreds of them, and they are always paid promptly by the management and returned by us in due course, like all other collections."

"How about the charitable feature of the State Lottery Company?"

"I have never heard a word of complaint that it has not lived up to the requirements of its charter. I will say that I have known it to respond liberally in aid of sufferers along the river in cases of high water and floods. No longer than two weeks ago I was at the head of a Committee for a charitable purpose, and it sent us a check for $500. The Directors are men of high standing in this community, and both enterprising and liberal in all their acts."

Other Bankers.

A call at the Mutual National Bank developed the fact that the President, Mr. John T. Jaffien, was at his seaside residence at Pass Christian, Miss., but the reporter found Mr. P. Maspero, the Vice President, at his post of duty. That gentleman said, in reply to the reportorial queries:

"I believe the Louisiana State Lottery Company to be an entirely straightforward institution. We at this bank are all personally acquainted with the officers of the company, and know them to be gentlemen of high business qualifications and strict integrity. We have a large amount of collections on account of successful lottery tickets to make every month. These are sent to us for collection by corresponding banks all over the United States, and they are duly paid on presentation. Now, so far as I am personally concerned, I am decidedly opposed to the granting of any State or governmental authority of any charter to a lottery. But the right to do so is vested in the General Assembly of this State by the Constitution, and as we are to have a lottery I am very free to say that we are fortunate in having an institution which lives up to the requirements of its charter and conducts its business in an honorable, fair, and legitimate way. Then, too, those people are extremely liberal, and not only meet the requirements of the law by contributing $40,000 every year to the support of the Charity hospital, but always contribute liberally to every deserving charity."

Mr. P. O. Fazende, of the firm of Fazende & Seixas, well known bankers and brokers, corroborated in all particulars the statements made by other leading banks and commercial men in regard to the business integrity and stability of the managers of the lottery.

Col. B. E. Rivers,

the proprietor of the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans, is a gentleman of high standing and wide personal acquaintance in that City. Seated in his private office in the hotel, he talked freely in regard to the object of the reportorial investigation.

"You ought to be able to tell me something in regard to the Louisiana State Lottery, Colonel?" said the querist.

"Yes sir, I know all about it, although much to my regret, I have no interest in the institution."

"The officers are quite politicians, are they not?"

"They are compelled to be in order to protect the valuable franchise of the company from the vampires who want its blood."

"What are the facts about the honesty of purpose of the Company and its charitable work?"

"There has been more than one church built from their contributions in addition to the $40,000 a year which by the terms of their charter they are legally required to give to the Charity hospital. They donate besides this $75,000 every year to charitable purposes. The reputations of the men who own and control the company are beyond question. There is a fortune for any man who can detect and prove the slightest irregularity or crookedness in the lottery drawing. But nobody has ever succeeded in doing so, for the operations of the Company are carried on in accordance with a strict system of safeguards and checks, and the names of the men connected with it are enough to satisfy anybody that everything is entirely square. Nobody here has the slightest doubt on that subject."

W. A. Baldwin, President of the New Orleans National Bank, who is personally acquainted with all the gentlemen connected with the Louisiana Lottery Company, cheerfully bore testimony to their high standing in the business community, and to the fairness and liberality with which the lottery is carried on. With regard to the actual workings of the lottery and the manner in which the drawings are conducted, the reporter however proposed to conduct his own investigations. He had ascertained from a score of leading officials and bankers and business men what the standing and reputation of the managers of the concern were, and now determined to press his inquiries on the subject of the lottery itself and the manner in which it is run. Fortunately for his purpose, there was to be a drawing within a few days, and this he proposed to witness in all its details. So far he had not met any of the gentlemen connected with the lottery in any capacity, but had pushed his investigations independently. But in order to obtain further details as to the drawings he called on Gen. Jubal A. Early, who, on Gen. Beauregard, acts as commissioner to superintend that process. That distinguished soldier resides in Lynchburg, Va., but visits New Orleans on the occasion of each monthly drawing. He is still bright and cheerful, and bears his years well. Over everything connected with the drawing the two commissioners exercise the most watchful care. They take entire control of the wheels from which the tickets and the corresponding prize numbers are drawn, and the managers of the lottery have no more to do with this than any other outsider. In this way perfect safeguards against any possible collusion are provided.

Gen. G. T. Beauregard

needs no introduction to the reader. His distinguished military career is recorded in the pages of history, and his name, with that of Gen. Early, is a guarantee of good faith and honesty. His testimony as to the absolute fairness of the lottery may be well condensed in the following language employed by him:

"I state that, at the request of the Louisiana Lottery Company, I have superintended two of its most important drawings in conjunction with Gen. Early. It is within my personal knowledge that said drawings were conducted in the fairest manner possible; and before undertaking the charge, I made investigation as to the manner in which said company conducted its operations. I became thoroughly convinced that all its affairs and drawings are honestly and fairly conducted. It is a legal institution, incorporated by the State in 1868, and has been in regular operation ever since. Its financial standing is first-rate, as it always paid all prizes drawn, and I never heard of any one having business with it complaining of unfairness or bad faith of any description."

Since the time named the drawings have invariably been supervised by the two gentlemen, and long experience of the workings of the lottery enables them now to repeat more emphatically than ever their endorsement of the perfect honesty with which the drawings are carried on.

The Charity Hospital.

Having heard so much during his visit to New Orleans in regard to the Charity Hospital of Louisiana, the reporter visited that institution, and through the courtesy of Dr. D. Jamison, the efficient assistant house surgeon, was given an opportunity of making a thorough examination of all its details. The Charity Hospital was founded in 1786 by Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, a Spanish planter. The present building was erected in 1832, and during the last year it relieved 6,419 patients, of whom 664 remained in the hospital Dec. 31, 1882. It received $40,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and about $75,000 from rents and donations during last year, and is out of debt. In every respect the conduct of this noble charity appears to be of the most desirable character. Its doors are thrown open to white and black alike, as no applicant for admission is ever refused the necessary treatment and care. In the matter of cleanliness and attention to every detail of hospital work, the Charity Hospital might well be taken as a model by many more pretentious institutions.

The Lottery Itself.

Thus having obtained the views of many of New Orleans' most prominent citizens in regard to the honest management of the lottery and the fulfillment by the Company of its charter engagements, the *Times* man proceeded to investigate for himself the lottery. Accordingly he visited for the first time the office of the Company, and stated his business to Mr. M. A. Dauphin, who for several years has acted as President of the Lottery Company. That gentleman expressed himself as being perfectly willing to furnish all the information in his power, and certainly afforded every opportunity for a complete investigation of the manner in which the Lottery is carried on.

The building occupied by the Louisiana State Lottery Company is a large and elegant three-story structure, conveniently located on the corner of Union and St. Charles streets. The building and court occupy almost one-quarter of a block. The first two stories are built of Vermont marble, and the remainder of white concrete. The court extends half-way through the center of the property, and is protected by a high iron fence. Within the enclosure thus formed are a large fountain and a wealth of tropical plants. The main office of the company is an immense, lofty room, occupying the first two stories of the building. Off this large room are elegantly furnished private parlors and correspondence rooms. The third floor is used for the public lottery drawing, and is fitted up in good style, with every convenience for the accommodation of those desirous of witnessing the monthly drawings. In every respect the appointments of the buildings and offices are complete. Over 30 gentlemen are constantly employed in attending to the correspondence.

M. A. Dauphin.

Some reference should properly be made in this connection to the affable gentleman who so efficiently presides over the destinies of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. Mr. M. A. Dauphin has been connected with that institution since its inception, and when it began active operations in January, 1869, he occupied a confidential position in the office. In the Spring of 1870 the Cashier of the Company resigned on account of ill-health, and Mr. Dauphin took the Cashier's desk and the general direction of the office. In 1877 Mr. Dauphin being a stockholder and a member of the Board of Directors, was unanimously elected President for two years. He was re-elected in 1879, 1881, and in January of this year, and is now filling the fourth term at the head of the Company.

Drawing the Prizes.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, May 8, a regular monthly drawing of prizes was had in the Company's building, under the supervision of Gens. Beauregard and Early. The reporter witnessed this from first to last, the entire process occupying about three hours. The manner in which the drawing is conducted is at once simple and calculated to insure absolute fairness.

The Plan of the Lottery

drawing is as follows:

The numbers from 1 to 100,000, corresponding with those numbers on the tickets, printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one wheel. The first 979 prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another wheel. The wheels are then revolved and a number is drawn from the wheel of numbers, and at the same time a prize is drawn from the other wheel. The number and prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the commissioners, the prize being placed against the number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the prizes are drawn out. The Lottery Company have nothing whatever to do with the drawing, which is entirely taken out of their hands, and is watched by Commissioners Early and Beauregard on behalf of the ticket-holders. As to the *modus operandi* of the drawing and its absolute fairness, a correspondent of the New York *World*, who made an independent investigation of the whole subject, tells the story of a very thorough test which he made personally, as follows:

"With regard to the details of the drawing itself, it is safe to say there is not the slightest indication of unfairness. All the prize numbers (830 in all) were counted carefully over by the four commissioners last week before they were placed in the wheel yesterday morning in the presence of *The World* correspondent. In fact, the result of the drawing proved that they were all deposited in the wheel, as all the positive prizes advertised in the monthly scheme were drawn and checked one by one by your correspondent. If any discrepancy was suspected, it could only exist in connection with the large wheel which contains the 100,000 numbers. Gens. Beauregard and Early count these numbers over twice a year, and vouch that every number from 1 to 100,000 is deposited in the big wheel. It takes five days to complete this count, and the managers offered to go through the entire process immediately after the drawing, so that the public might be thoroughly convinced that the 100,000 numbers were in the large wheel. But this would require at least 10 days' labor, with four assistants, and my proposition to weigh the tickets and the tubes, so as to arrive at some accurate estimate, was willingly accepted by the managers.

"As soon as the drawing was completed yesterday, I accordingly obtained full control of the wheel. Mr. Giffen and Mr. Pilie, the two commissioners, accompanied me to the room this morning. The wheel was then opened and a woolen cloth spread upon an adjoining table. I then took several handfuls of the numbers securely encased in their gutta percha tubes and deposited them in the center of this table. From this heap I counted 100 at a time, which were verified by Mr. Giffen, until I had obtained 1,000. The remainder were returned to the wheel. I then placed these 1,000 numbers in a carton-box which I had previously weighed empty. The box and numbers turned the scales at 48¼ ounces. Deducting 5¼ ounces for the weight of the box, and the net weight of the 1,000 numbers and tubes was 43 ounces. As 830 numbers had already been drawn from the wheel yesterday, I counted out 170 numbers for the 1,000 heap and found the net weight of the remainder (830) to be 35½ ounces. Five large white canvas bags were then procured at my request, as well as a pair of Forsyth's scales, which is the recognized standard in this City. Each bag weighed empty 7¾ ounces. I calculated to be able to place 20,000 numbers, incased in their tubes, in each bag. The weight of the 20,000 numbers, according to the weight of the first 1,000 drawn out of the wheel, should be 20 times 43, or 860 ounces, which with the bag (7¾ ounces), gave a gross weight of 867¾ ounces, or 54 pounds 3¾ ounces. I placed the regulators on the scale at that figure, and had the first bag filled until it turned the scale at 54 pounds 3¾ ounces. I then knew it contained 20,000 numbers. The same process was followed until I had filled 4 bags containing 80,000 numbers. The last 20,000 would necessarily be 830 short, or 35½ ounces, as by the previous weight I had taken. Deducting 35½ ounces, or 2 pounds 3¾ ounces, from 54 pounds 3¾ ounces I should have the net weight of 19,170 numbers which remained in the wheel, or 52 pounds. I placed the regulators at that figure, 52 pounds, and waited with curiosity for the last bag to be filled. When Mr. Pilie dropped the last tube in, there was a slight motion of the regulating beam, and the scales were poised exactly at 52 pounds. There was not the slightest variation of a fraction of an ounce, so that I must say that I was more convinced that there were 99,170 numbers in the large wheel when I began to make the investigation than if I had counted them one by one. With the 830 positive prizes drawn yesterday this would make a total of 100,000 numbers in the wheel when it was turned at 10 o'clock for the grand monthly distribution last Tuesday morning."

Summing It Up.

Such testimony as this, with the added weight of the declarations made by New Orleans business men in regard to the financial standing and high character of the Directors and Officers of the Company, carry conviction with them. The reporter can only add that from all the observations which he made, and after the most thorough investigation conducted independently, and for the purpose of getting to the very bottom of the whole business of lottery drawing as conducted by the Louisiana State Lottery Company, he could arrive at no other conclusion than that the lottery is conducted on principles of absolute fairness.

An Unprofitable Job.

Wall Street News.

In the office of a certain Western railroad superintendent it was understood that when a common-looking stranger entered the outer office and asked for the Great Mogul, one of the several young men therein employed should claim to be the official wanted and thus turn the bore away. The other day a web-footed stranger with a business squint to his eyes, asked to see the superintendent, and the chief clerk promptly replied:

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Are you the man?"

"I am."

"No mistake?"

"None at all."

"Then it's all right. Six months ago one of your trains killed a cow for me, and you have been just mean enough not to answer any of my letters. Old hoss, I'm going to lick $35 out of you."

"But, sir, you see—"

"I see nothing but you! Prepare to be licked."

And the proxy superintendent was not only mopped around the room and flung into the wood-box as limp as a clothesline, but the cow-owner kicked the others out-doors and upset the desks and tables with the remark:

"The next time I do business with this corporation I want you not only to reply to my letters, but to put 'in haste' on your envelope!"

Awaiting Returns.

Providence Press.

The Western Towns which have not been cycloned will please rise and be counted.

It's hard to believe Miss Whittier was cured of such terrible sores by Hood's Sarsaparilla, but reliable people prove it.

For the BLADE.

BEER BREAD.

BY WM. H. MANNIX.

When all the world was dressed in green,
And birds returned from southern clime,
When crocus sweet and daffodils
Proclaimed the advent of Spring-time,
She softly sang a cradle song
And watched the black clouds overhead,—
"How lovingly the rain drops fall
Upon the children's graves," she said.

When slowly sank the Summer sun,
And soft winds whispered thro' the trees,
They gathered at the door to greet
The benediction of the breeze;
They watched the swallows skim the air,
They heard the robin's song o'erhead,—
"I love to have the sweet birds sing
Above the children's graves," she said.

The Autumn winds blew loud and shrill,
Loud chirped the crickets 'mongst the corn;
The gentians and the asters smiled
To make the world look less forlorn.
They watched the forest's lights and shades,
The tinted leaves of brown and red,
"How soft a carpet Autumn weaves
Upon the children's graves," she said.

In leaden gray the skies look down;
The wild-goose cries as south she goes,
The crackling fire burns on the hearth,
The mother softly says, "It snows.
O, snow, come down with feathery feet,
And spread your mantle o'er my dead;
O, snow, thou'rt not more pure than they
Who lie beneath the graves," "—she said.

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

A Dog's Funeral, and a Donation to a Clergyman.

Pet dogs are the latest hobby in the fashionable world of New York and other large cities.

A certain costly species of bull-terrior, grown exceedingly small by in-breeding and doses of gin, is the favorite of women wealthy enough to afford indulgence in such pets. They are hideously mis-shapen little monsters, but the uglier they are the more they are valued. They are taken out every day by their mistresses or footmen for an airing, wearing embroidered coats and gold collars, on which their names are engraved or set in jewels.

One of these dogs died in Philadelphia lately, and formal notice of the funeral was given to the friends of its mistress, who sent their dogs in carriages with liveried footmen, etc. The dead dog was laid in a satin-lined, silver-mounted coffin; offerings of flowers were sent, and a costly monument was raised over its grave.

"Beppo," the pet of a wealthy young lady, lately sent out cards for a reception, which was attended by all the *haut-ton* of dogdom. The homely little beasts sent to the reception were served on dainty china with all the delicacies of the caterer's art. The feast, floral decorations, etc., cost more than $200.

On the week on which Beppo held his reception, an entertainment of another kind was given by a young girl who lived near to Beppo's mistress. She had spent the last Summer in a little Village in one of the hill countries in Pennsylvania.

The clergyman of this parish was a scholarly man of much intellectual force. His wife was a refined, sensitive woman. They had five children. The clergyman had given up a profession in which he might have grown rich, to serve the Master he loved, in ministering to his fellowmen.

His salary was $400 a year, and that often was not paid when it was needed. In other words, here was a man who had the education, tastes and habits of the very highest class; who naturally wished to educate his children; who was obliged to appear and live as a gentleman, and to exercise hospitality and charity upon the w

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters that only as an evidence of good faith. All letters that only as an evidence of good faith. All letters that

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, June, 7 1883.

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THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 85,000.

IN FRANCE are 40,000 tobacco shops which furnish a large revenue to the Government.

ONE HUNDRED American women go to Europe to one foreign woman who visits the United States.

THE Indiana Supreme Court has decided that legal advertising in Sunday papers is invalid.

GOV. SANFORD says that Kearneyism and Communism have wholly disappeared from California.

THE latest gossip concerning LILY LANGTRY and FREDDY has for its burden a $25,000 diamond necklace.

THE Administration has decided not to mix up in the Madagascar. This may be wisdom, but is quite as likely not.

THE Baltimore *American* recommends cowhiding instead of penal reform for young hoodlums arrested for ruffianism.

BY great self-control all our country exchanges have so far refrained from alluding to the Brooklyn bridge disaster as "a human holocaust."

THE Nihilists are said to have adopted a new plan of operations in Russia. That is the reason the coronation ceremonies proceeded undisturbed.

SHREWD grain operators say that lower prices are almost certain next month, as nobody ever believes bad crop reports in the leafy month of June.

Life:

There was a young man who said "There!
I can steal in during this prayer."
But the shriek of his shoes
So pervaded the pews,
That he sank in his seat in despair.

PRINCE BISMARCK is getting over his illness sufficiently to contemplate so important a step as the radical remodeling of the entire Constitution of the German Empire.

THE guardians of Central Park having found a wig and a lady's back hair in one of the retired walks, build up a theory of an earnest matrimonial debate having occurred there.

THE Massachusetts Republicans are pretty confident that BEN BUTLER is revealing his innate charlatanism and dishonesty so thoroly that he has lost his hold on all sorts of people.

NEW YORK *Commercial Advertiser:* An observing philosopher has discovered that the howling swell wears only one eyeglass, because he sees more with that than he is able to comprehend.

WE would that we could, for the sake of public morality, believe Congressman HEWITT's confident assertion that the Brooklyn bridge was built within the estimates and without a dollar being stolen.

IN 1881 the vintage in California was estimated at 9,000,000 gallons, and in 1882 it was between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000. More than two-thirds is used at home, while the rest is chiefly exported to Eastern Cities.

THE number of persons who crossed the great East River bridge the day after the accident was 85,897, which was 64,-603 less than crossed Friday of the week before, and very many less than any other day since the opening.

THE prospect of a vigorous war between China and France grows stronger every day. The latter has become thoroly aroused by the condition of affairs in Tonquin, and the feeling is strong that nothing is left but strong and active measures.

THE Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railroad has introduced a very commendable novelty, the arranging of time tables on the 24-hour system. For instance, trains are marked as coming and going at 19 o'clock, instead of 7 P. M., as would be the usual way of putting it. The dividing of watch dials into 24 hours is all but universal in America and Europe, Italy being about the only country in which the 24-hour plan is adopted to any great extent. The Italian way has many things in its favor, and it is strange it is not more extensively known. This road has another new idea, which is to carry weather signals attached to the baggage-car for the benefit of farmers. These will be six in number. A red figure of the sun will indicate higher temperature; a blue sun, general rain or snow; a red half-moon, lower temperature; a blue one, clear or fair weather, and a red star will mean stationary temperature, while a blue one stands for local rain or snow. Bulletins will be furnished daily by the Ohio Meteorological Bureau.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE City of Bismarck, which has been selected as the future capital of Dakota, is already one of the chief Towns of the Territory, being located on a high bluff on the east side of the Upper Missouri River, at the point where the Northern Pacific Railroad crosses that river. The population of the Town is about 4,000. The citizens of Yankton threaten to contest the legality of the proposed transfer, and Bismarck may yet lose the prize.

AN effort having been made in certain quarters, presumably at the instigation of HENDRICKS, to get up a feeling in favor of the nomination of TILDEN and HENDRICKS, the Buffalo *Courier*, a leading Democratic paper of New York, informs Mr. HENDRICKS that his repentance comes too late—that his refusal to accept the second place on the ticket at the last Convention settled the matter, so far as he was concerned. The *Courier* article is supposed to have been at the suggestion of TILDEN.

STEPS have been taken by the Brooklyn bridge officials to prevent another panic like the one of last Wednesday, by which 14 persons were trampled to death and 26 injured. Extra police will be on guard, railings will divide the throngs passing, and other precautions be taken.

IT is confidently expected that the Star Route trials will close this week, but what the verdict will be is the wildest guess-work. The trials have long since ceased to interest the public, but it is a comfort to think that they are drawing to a close.

GEN. SHERMAN takes a very encouraging view of political affairs. He says the Republican party is growing rapidly in some of the Southern States, and will make a vigorous contest for the electoral vote at the next election.

THE order issued by Postmaster General GRESHAM, that first and second class Postmasters shall apply for leave of absence before leaving their offices in charge of subordinates, has had its effect already, as several applications were filed within 24 hours after the order was issued.

THE New Hampshire Legislature will this week elect a United States Senator, the term of Sen. ROLLINS having expired in March last. W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, and ex-Sen. PATTERSON are understood to be the prominent candidates.

THE Ohio Republican Convention is in session as the BLADE goes to press. Dispatches from Columbus indicate that Judge FORAKER, of Cincinnati, will head the ticket.

FRANCE has now two wars upon her hands that of Tonquin and of Madagascar. The general sentiment of the other nations of Europe is that she has not a shadow of right in either. French papers claim that the Government has instructed her commander not to withdraw his forces from the country until the French Protectorate specified by the treaties of 1840 and 1841 has been recognized. An indemnity of 1,500,000 francs will be claimed to defray the cost of the expedition. In Tonquin the latest reports give details of disaster to the French forces. Capt. RIVIERE left the fort near Canoi with 150 marines and was surprised by the Annamites, who surrounded and almost annihilated them. A French reserve force came up and the Annamites fled taking with them Capt. RIVIERE and 15 marines, whom they impaled the next day.

MR. GLADSTONE's last speech shows a new departure of the Liberal party. It hints at the decision taken in the Cabinet with reference to obstruction and the work of the session, and that is to persevere with every important Government measure until the House shall either accept or reject it. It is felt that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary to determine whether Parliament will or will not perform the duties entrusted to the people. The bankruptcy bill, the tenants' improvement bill, the measure to establish local option, the bill to give the Counties Elective Boards for local self-government, the bill to assimilate suffrage in English and Scotch shires, and in all the Irish constituencies, to the standard already adopted for the English boroughs, and several others of nearly equal importance, are still either upon the stocks or before the House with small chance of becoming law.

THERE are strong commercial and financial interests behind the movement for a renewal of diplomatic relations between England and Mexico. Sir SPENCER ST. JOHN's appointment practically insures the success of this movement. English agents are visiting Mexico in large numbers for railway and other purposes. One very influential Englishman, who has lately returned, freely expresses his belief in the possibility of making English influence in Mexico paramount over American influence.

To show that the Pope is in earnest in regard to the circular to the Irish Bishops in relation to the Irish agitation, he declares his intention of following that up by the suspension of all ecclesiastics who disobey the commands of the circular. The matter seems likely to make trouble in the Church, since even those Irishmen who think themselves very good Catholics are rallying around Archbishop CROKE, because they believe that he did not let the Vatican put him down by its scoldings, and that he will stand by the National cause to the utmost limit of his rights as a dignitary of the Church. No formal breach has occurred or is imminent; but in point of sympathy a great gulf has been opened between the Pope and the people of Ireland.

THE rumors of extensive failures among iron firms in Pittsburg are denied. They seemed to come from the suspension of the Grafton Iron Company of Leetonia, which was principally owned by Pittsburg people.

THE Texas Legislature has come to grief, the Grand Jury having indicted 40 or 50 of them for gambling. The morals of the law makers down there need improvement.

AT the celebration of the opening of the New York and Brooklyn bridge the other day, 14 tons of fire works and 10,-000 separate pieces were burned, and at the end 500 immense rockets were discharged into the air at once.

THE Garfield Monument Fund now amounts to $135,000.

THE BRIDGE CATASTROPHE.

No slaughter of intelligent human beings could be more senseless and humiliating than the destruction of life in the catastrophe on the New York and Brooklyn bridge on the 30th.

Two great currents of people—one flowing from New York and the other from Brooklyn, were gliding past each other in the central way for foot passengers. For miles back in New York men and women were pouring out of stores, offices and factories to join the great river of humanity on the sidewalks in an eager rush for their homes across the water. A similar mill-race of men and women was sweeping across from Brooklyn. Both streams rapidly gained volume and velocity as the afternoon grew toward night. For a while they glided smoothly past each other without interference, but as they broadened with the increasing hurry homeward, they began to impinge upon each other and arrest each other's movements just when the developing pressure behind made freer movement imperative.

Then, from some cause, came a break in the current, a little struggle and confusion, an intermingling of the two streams, and each was stopped by having the other's propulsive force flung squarely against it. It was as if two rapid rivers could be suddenly made to flow directly against one another. The stores, offices, factories and streets in New York and Brooklyn continued to pour out an ever-increasing stream of men and women, all eager to get to their homes, all pressing in upon the common center with the energy of hunger and anxiety. In the center the crush was frightful. We know in mechanics how the continual addition of drops of water, or grains of sand, all bearing on one point, will soon crush the strongest metal. What must have been the pressure at the central point, with thousands of strong men and women on the outside trying to force their way to it?

At first it seems incomprehensible that in such a sea of humanity, in which all had tongues, and all spoke and understood the same language, some way could not have been found in which those in the center could communicate to those on the outside as to the condition of affairs, and bring about such an easing up of the pressure as would afford relief.

Nor does there seem any reason for the culmination of a panic. There was no fear that the bridge would give way, or that any other danger was imminent more serious than that of being badly squeezed. But there came a panic—that inexplicable madness which comes upon strong-minded men and women in an instant. Each looked in the other's face, and believed he saw there a knowledge of some overwhelming danger, that he himself had not perceived, and straightway became frantic with fear. Perhaps a score of people were trampled to death by those madly rushing from some imagined danger.

We have said the catastrophe is humiliating. It is so because it illustrates the occasional impotence of the human mind to deal with the simplest problems, and to become utterly unhinged in the presence of terrors of its own imagining.

There is no moral to the disaster, no one to blame—no provisions to recommend against a recurrence of the same in the future—unless it be that the people going eastward be separated from those going westward, which is the rule, we believe on most bridges connecting parts of populous Cities. This the bridge managers are already providing for.

THE NEW RULES.

The Civil Service Commission has just issued a pamphlet containing the new civil service rules and regulations under the Civil Service Act of last Winter. It is interesting to note the difference between this system and the old one, which went into operation under GRANT. The general features are the same, but in some important particulars they differ considerably. One of them is the provision requiring appointments to the civil service in Washington to be apportioned among the several States and Territories according to their population.

The original Grant rules contained no provision in this direction, but simply required the appointment of the candidate passing the best examination whoever he might be. In consequence of an outcry that this gave those in and about Washington the monopoly of places, a change was made dividing the United States into five civil service districts, in each of which separate lists were to be made and appointees to be taken from those for any district. The system collapsed after a single examination had been held in each of the districts, but it is revived in principle as before stated with the difference that the new one requires that the appointments shall be absolutely geographically made, while by the old the heads of the departments could take the lists and appoint the candidates standing best in the examination no matter which districts they came from.

Another way in which the old and new systems differ is in the matter of promotions. By the former each branch of service was divided into groups of different grades, and appointees entered the lowest, and could only advance by competition. These provisions were struck out of the Pendleton bill with the purpose of throwing open all the grades from the highest to the lowest to public competition. Of course this would do away with orderly promotion, and those who know best assert that it would demoralize the public service, as it would give an opportunity for new and inexperienced men to be jumped over the heads of tried and deserving clerks. Their opposition prevented this arrangement from going into effect, but the new rules simply provide for furnishing qualified candidates and say nothing about the point of their entrance into the service. There is nothing in the law to prevent the filling of the vacancies with new men, should the heads of departments will to do so, but it is not at all likely they will do anything which would be such detriment to themselves.

These are the principal points of difference between the old and the new systems, altho there are others not so important. It remains to be seen what will be the result, but it is certain to be a great improvement in many directions.

CLIFF WADE, of Madison, Mo., killed his third man yesterday. He still lacks two murders of being as big a man as "Little PHIL THOMPSON." What office is Mr. WADE a candidate for—"subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries?"

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

Most philosophers and writers upon the coming man makes him one of surpassing grace and power both physically and mentally. The interest felt in these later days in regard to sanitary matters is considered a guaranty of improvement of body, and the constant intellectual excitement and progress prove that at least there will be no going back with regard to the mind.

Now arises another philosophy which asserts that the man of the Future will be "a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion." So is he described by a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for May. He proves his position by what he calls a logical deduction from accomplished facts.

The man will be toothless because civilization is doing away with the necessity for teeth. Every organ and every ornament of man have been acquired by natural or sexual selection, and when either of these forces are removed they commence at once to disappear. Our early ancestors had magnificent "grinding teeth for crushing hard fruits and huge canines for fighting with other males for the possession of females." Civilized human beings have no need of either, and they are consequently growing smaller and smaller, decay earlier and will doubtless finally disappear altogether, their places being supplied by a simple hardening of the gums.

"Long hair, beard, mustache and whiskers" says the writer, "are all sexual ornaments acquired by man to charm and allure the opposite sex, just as the canine teeth were acquired to fight for a similar purpose." But sexual selection is not so powerful now.

Marriage is no longer settled by the strength or magnificent hairiness of the suitor. Wealth will cover the bald head; intellect is more valued than whiskers, and the length of rent roll counterbalances the shortness of the beard. A woman, too, who has but a scant supply of that ancient "pride of woman"—long hair—can eke it out by fraud and art; nor need she go unwedded on that account. Neither men nor women therefore, who happen to be ill-furnished with hair are now, as formerly, handicapped in the race of life, and unlikely to leave children to inherit their defects. On the other hand they gain a distinct advantage at the outset, inasmuch as no vital force is in their case wasted in the production of useless ornaments.

Besides this there seems to be a mysterious law of relation between the hair and the teeth. Luxuriance of the one is apt to be accompanied by strength and durability in the other. As the teeth grow small, and disappear, bald heads and beardless faces become the rule and not the exception.

Finally the habitual incasing of the feet in shoes and stockings is preventing the use of the toes, and their separation is no longer necessary. There is already a large percentage of persons who have toes united throughout their length, and this peculiarity will undoubtedly increase. Again, the means of artificial locomotion are increasing so rapidly that the need of the legs for walking is rapidly diminishing so that lack of use will finally reduce them to a rudimentary condition.

Such is a glance at his course of argument to prove what this man of the Future is to be. Happily he is so far away from the present that there is no need of anxiety over immediate inconvenience from his inferior condition. It seems as if the theory pursued to its end would send man back into a state lower than that from which Darwinians declare he started.

PREVALENCE OF TORNADOS.

The record of tornados which sweep over the country dealing death and destruction in their course, lengthens day by day, until men are beginning to inquire with bated breath, where will the next blow strike. They are born in the regions of the air beyond human sight, they sweep like birds of prey downward, they pass, and where all was fair and smiling and peaceful, ruin and desolation fill the looker on with ghastly horror.

Time was when only certain portions of the country were subject to these visitations, but now they seem to follow no known law, but spring full armed into existence everywhere. Not alone in the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, to which they have in years agone principally confined themselves, are they heard of now, but Ohio, Indiana and Michigan are not exempt. Their frequency and violence within the last two or three years renders them a most important study to the metereologists.

They have learned many of the laws that govern them, but not how to foretell their coming in time to give warning to the doomed community. It is unfortunate that the very things which cause the most destruction are those which as yet cannot be foretold, but as recent progress makes it seem as if all things are possible to the human intellect, the day may come that people will be told when to seek safety from the rushing cyclone.

A most interesting question arises as to the cause of the unusual prevalence of violent storms of late. Of course, it is as yet all speculation, but many persons are endeavoring to connect these atmospheric disturbances with the extraordinary agitation upon the sun's surface. True it is that last year during two of these great movements in the sun, when it seemed as if a fiery tempest must be raging there, the telegraphs were everywhere thrown out of order, and the magnetic currents seemed to change directions. This being the case, it is not at all unlikely that the atmosphere could be affected even to the production of storms, though science may be at a loss for years to come to prove that it is so, or in what way these influences act. Meanwhile it would add greatly to the comfort of an apprehensive people if the sun would quiet down, and give a cessation of cyclones upon the earth, or show that he has nothing to do with their growth and raging.

FRENCH papers are publishing an interview between a distinguished European diplomatist recently at Pekin and the Chinese Charge d'Affaires at Paris, in which the latter emphatically asserts the ability of China to hold its own against France in case of war. He boasts of their armaments on land and their fleets on the sea, which have been equipped in the best arsenals in Europe. He declares that in the length and breadth of China there is not a single rebel, but the 400,-000,000 of people are thoroly devoted to the Emperor.

QUOTING Gen. BEAUREGARD's expression of the opinion that the negro is dying out in the South, the Richmond (Va.) *State* says: "That's how we think here in Virginia 368 days in the year, but on the other two, which are election days, we find every reason to believe quite the reverse."

THE MALARIAL FIEND.

Everybody knows in these days what the term "malaria" implies but not what it is. It means all sorts of misery, aches and pains indiscribable, a lassitude that makes the effort to set one foot before another almost unbearable, a nervousness that drives almost to desperation. In short, it means anything and everything. A disease different from common types is dubbed malaria, and people are expected to rest satisfied that they know all that there is to know.

Science has not yet discovered what is the exact origin of malaria. Various theories have been promulgated in regard to it, but when they seem the nearest to being proved, some unexpected chance upsets the whole. The *Sanitary Engineer* tells, in its last issue, of the experiment of the Trappist monks belonging to a convent on the Campagna, near Rome, and also near a station called the Three Fountains, which was notoriously unhealthy. A visit to the place at any time except in midwinter was absolutely dangerous. The monks believed that by thoro drainage, cultivation of the ground, and extensive planting of the eucalyptus it might be made better. These things were done and the effect seemed to be all that was expected. The monks were able to live through the year, and the Government sent a large body of convicts to extend the work. With the idea that the problem was solved at last, people bought plantations and planted the vine extensively, expecting to turn what had been a mere uninhabitable swamp into a fruitful garden.

All went well until 1882, when malarial fevers were less prevalent and less severe than usual throughout the Campagna elsewhere, owing, it was supposed, to the unusually dry and cool weather, but at Three Fountain malarial fever prevailed extensively among all classes, more or less severely. This state of things seemed to upset the whole theory that had been formed and as was thought, proved to be correct, and to show that the producing cause of malaria was there yet, altho its power of production was largely diminished by what had been done.

The matter is yet a mystery waiting for science to penetrate it. Of course, the sanitary benefit of drainage and land cultivation cannot be doubted in this country, where their good effects are constantly seen, but malaria yet defies all efforts to banish it entirey.

WORK IN COUNTY JAILS.

The day is past when the only object of convicting a person accused of crime was his punishment. The thought now goes deeper. The criminal is recognized as a human being in whom there is a possibility of some future good, no matter what the present may be. Besides the effect upon the individual, is to be considered the effect upon the community. His punishment may deter others from crime, but if it only has a hardening influence upon himself, if he comes forth ripe for farther mischief, ready to prey upon every body around him, his only care being to escape detection, then the object is but partly gained. There is no doubt but that many youthful wrong doers are sent to the County Jail, where they have nothing to fill their time, and being under the influence of those old in crime come forth with every vicious propensity intensified. Long hours of listening to the stories of desperate daring, or shrewd defiance of the law must have its effect, and it is usually a terrible one. The youth who went in with regret tugging at his heart strings, comes forth reckless and ready for more wrong doing.

In fact it is fast coming to be felt that these jails are really nothing more than nurseries of crime. They punish but they do nothing to prevent, while their influence is in the other direction. The criminal is supported at the expense of the State. In the Winter this is sometimes very convenient. There is nothing to make him feel that it really never pays to prey upon other people. Give him work, make him earn his own living whether in prison or out of it, and he will soon see that it is pleasanter to labor in freedom than when under surveillance.

A New York paper, in discussing this matter in reference to the jails in that State, calls attention to what has been done in the jail at Chester, Pa.:

There the prisoners are all occupied, the long-term men are weaving carpets at hand looms, the short-term men in cutting carpet-rags. A certain amount of work per day is required of each one, and for every yard woven more than that the prisoner has two cents credited to him, and the amount of these earnings is paid him upon his discharge. On the old principle that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, the rations of those who refuse to work are cut down. Besides weaving carpet, the men weave material for their prison clothes and do the housework of the prison. In this way they are all employed, their health is good, they learn a trade which will stand them in good stead when they go out, and the more industrious of them earn something to give them a start upon their discharge. Besides this, the product of the prison manufactures pays more than two-thirds the cost of maintenance.

The good effect of this arrangement is soon visible. Those who are not already hardened are saved from all influences that would tend to make them so. They have no time to brood over the past, for it is occupied with work, and their self-respect is increased by the fact that they are self-supporting in their confinement. Were this course taken all over the country in County Jails crime would be largely diminished. The conviction of a boy or girl for slight offenses would not be the sure precursor of a vicious and perhaps criminal life. It would be well if Ohio would order systematic labor to be imposed upon the prisoners in her County Jails, not only to relieve the public from the burden of their support, but for the future good of the prisoners themselves.

IT is said by those who claim to know that absinthe drinking has become very common within the last two or three years in New York among the rich young men. Many of the younger members of the ultra-fashionable set drink it morning, afternoon and evening. Its effect, in time, is confirmed and incurable idiocy.

SINGULAR that none of these cyclones tear up the Apache country. Why do they come away up to Indiana to abuse peaceful, industrious people, instead of making themselves useful at home on the painted pelicans of the Staked Plains?

THEY say that JOHN L. SULLIVAN was paid $2,000 for pitching in the recent game between the Metropolitans Base Ball Club, and a picked nine, and he did not pitch very well either.

BUFFALO is raising the cost of liquor licenses, with a view of reducing the number of her saloons and improving the quality.

OHIO REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The delegates to the State Convention for the nomination of Governor, gathered in Columbus in large numbers on Monday night, and canvassing was entered into with great earnestness, and continued through the morning of Tuesday. Judge FORAKER and Hon. JOHN SHERMAN are being strongly urged for the nomination. The latest reports on going to press are that while SHERMAN could undoubtedly have the nomination, he has absolutely refused to accept it, and FORAKER will undoubtedly be the candidate. A sharp fight is, however, in progress.

The following is the substance of the platform that will be indorsed by the Convention:

An indorsement of the National and State administrations and Civil Service Reform; a declaration in favor of Tariff for the protection of American industries, and a denunciation of the Democratic doctrine of a Tariff for Revenue as destructive to American industries. The action of Congress in regard to the Tariff on wool and iron will be condemned and relief will be demanded. The action of the General Assembly in submitting constitutional amendments to the people to provide for a regulation of the liquor traffic and the principle of a taxation of the traffic will be indorsed. A plank will also be inserted favoring such legislation as will secure an abolition of the convict labor contract system, with a view of relieving honest labor from its competition.

ONE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

That one woman in the world was gifted with a business foresight and daring equal to that of any man, is certain. LYDIA PINKHAM, whose picture has appeared in almost every paper in the United States, if not in the world, and not once or twice, but continuously, is said to have advertised upon a greater scale than any one else except HOLLOWAY, of London, whose charitable endowments amounted to nearly $1,000,000. The latter advertised wherever he found there was a newspaper, no matter how small or obscure it might be.

The result in both cases justified their business shrewdness in advertising so largely. LYDIA PINKHAM died with an income that reached towards $300,000 a year, and HOLLOWAY was immensely rich. Their expenditures were large, but the returns were in proportion. In these days of invention, when the prime object of life seems to be to find something with which to tempt the shekels from one pocket into another, that one who succeeds in keeping his wares most prominently before the public, never allowing them to be forgotten, reaps the greatest toward. No matter how intrinsically good a thing may be, it will inevitably fall into the background, and something which perhaps does not possess half its merits will take its place unless the story of its virtues is told through the papers in season and out of season.

Go through the country and it will be found that everywhere he who advertises most is the most successful. Judgment must be used. There must be a keen discrimination of modes and places, then the end is almost certain. The race is too severely contested now, and the competition too strong to admit of half measures. It is curious to see how this fact is recognized in the novel way taken to attract public attention. Who has not been betrayed into reading some thrilling story, glowing with intensity, equal in rhetoric and expression to the finest magazine writing only to discover at the end that the feelings have been harrowed up in order to learn that some pad or compound is the cure of all the ills human flesh is heir to. No matter if you are filled with indignation, you will never forget the medicine or what is claimed for it. Your experience is repeated by almost every newspaper reader in the United States. So it has come to pass that some of the very best literary talent in the country is sometimes employed in writing advertisements.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE GREAT BRIDGE.

The great majority of our readers will never have an opportunity of seeing the great New York and Brooklyn bridge—the eighth wonder of the world. But every one, whether they get an opportunity to see it or not, would be glad to have a correct picture of it.

We have ordered published for our subscribers a very handsome colored lithograph, beautifully tinted, size 26x38, on heavy plate paper, accurately reproducing every detail of the great structure. This lithograph readily retails at 50 cents, but we propose to present one of them to each of our subscribers who will send us one new subscriber with a remittance of $1.10, the extra 10 cents being to cover the expense of packing and mailing. Any of our present subscribers can in a few minutes time secure a new subscriber at $1, and to the remittance add 10 cents extra, at the same time stating explicitly to whom we shall send the paper, and to whom we shall mail the picture. We make this arrangement without profit to ourselves, as a convenience to our readers. If we mail many thousand of the pictures we shall know that our efforts are appreciated.

THE Paris *Gaulois* claims that Capt. RIVIERE, the commander of the French forces at Slanoi, Cochin China, who was captured with 15 men, and executed by the Anamites, died by means of impalement, a favorite Eastern method of punishment. Travelers in Turkey and Asia Minor occasionally see slender posts erected by the roadside, each bearing a skeleton. The *modus operandi* as described by SAINT EDME in his "Dictionnaire de la Penalite" is as follows:

The unfortunate man who is to suffer death by impalement is laid flat on the ground, face downward. His hands are tied on his back, and one of the executioner's assistants sits down on his back, so that the victim can not move. A second assistant holds the culprit's head firmly to the ground, and a third assistant seizes his legs, which he holds so that he cannot move them. The executioner now approaches with the instrument of death, a long stake or pole, which he pushes into the body from behind. The pole tapers almost to a point, but is rounded off somewhat at the end, so that it will not penetrate the entrails all at once. The executioner pushes this pole into the flesh as far as he can with his hands, whereupon a fourth assistant drives it in still further with a mallet. Now the pole, which has penetrated deeply into the body of the doomed man, is set upright into the ground, and the victim is left to die upon it. The weight of the body presses it further down upon the stake every moment, and the point finally protrudes from the breast or side of the culprit. Some of those upon whom this horrible punishment has been inflicted, died quickly, and their suffering was soon over, but others are said to have suffered untold agony for hours, and even days, before death put an end to their torments.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 5,000 copies printed, we have only some 300 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

MORNING routine for foreign representatives in St. Petersburg:

"*Francous*—(the valet) have you sent around to the palace to quietly inquire of the servants whether anything unusual has happened during the night?"

"Yes, M'sieu."

"No explosions of any kind?"

"Non, M'sieu."

"Nobody stabbed the Czar, as he was changing his chain armor dressing gown for his chromium-steel night shirt?"

"Non, M'sieu."

"Nobody dropt a little prussic acid into the sedative hot sling, taken on retiring?"

"Non, M'sieu."

"Nobody blew out the gas after his imperial nibs had gone to bed, and suffocated the son of all the Vitches in his gentle sleep?"

"Non, M'sieu, nossing 'as 'appened—nossing—parfaitement tranquille. Mais zey found, par bonheur, zat ze bath tub was full wiz veetriol, before ze Czar he step in, et ze bomb in ze coffee urn only blow ze waiter's arm off. All eez parfaitement tranquille."

"Very good. Have the coach ordered out at 11. We will go to the palace and renew our congratulations to the Czar on the auspicious conclusion of the coronation ceremonies, and the evidences everywhere of the enthusiastic loyalty of his subjects. Petropaulowski avenue is still regarded as the safest for travel, isn't it?"

"Yes, M'sieu."

"Very well. We'll go that way."

THE problem of woman's attire is agitating a much larger portion of the feminine world than a short time ago, and it is not simply the so-called strong minded part either. Those fond of pretty stylish attire are coming to see that there are evils in the present mode that needs reform, but the question is how it shall be brought about. The majority of woman will not make guys of themselves even though better health might be the result, nor will they run the risk of ridicule through copying a masculine style of dress, so the problem still remains a vexed one. In England the Rational Dress Association has taken the matter in hand, and an exhibition of different styles is now in progress, some of them sent from Paris, some from the United States, others from different parts of Europe. Parts of several different ones seem satisfactory but nothing has yet combined the beauty and convenience which are sought after. Perseverance and study will yet overcome the difficulty it is certain, and women will rejoice in improved health and added vigor, while at the same time their taste for pretty, graceful apparel can be gratified.

ALL are familiar with the fact that there are many people who, though admitting the superiority of the present in all that goes to make life comfortable and easy, yet incessantly prate over the "greater health maintained in the good old days." This sort of stuff is utterly baseless and those who devote their time to crying it up are likely to receive a severe shock from the publication of life-tables of England extending over the period between 1772 and the present time. Men, on an average, live two years longer than they did 30 years ago, while women have now three years and four months more to expect than of old. The very old live longer and better now than ever before, not often reaching that condition of absolute childishness which our forefathers regarded as the only normal old age. There are many people now who are over 80, yet are able to converse, to eat well, to walk, and preserve all their faculties intact. Cases like these would have astonished our ancestors, who thought that heros only attained old age without senility.

MONSIEUR FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has been on a visit to the site of his new enterprise, Oued Melah, the place where his canal for flooding the Sahara will commence. The whole line was carefully gone over and everything found highly satisfactory. The area to be filled is 14 times as large as the Lake of Geneva and is surrounded with some very fertile lands, that is, lands which would be fertile were they watered. No obstructions exist except a bed of rock near the sea, which will be an advantage rather than the reverse, since stone will be required for breakwater, and other harbor arrangements. The line surveyed is so advantageous that only five years will be taken in the construction. It is estimated that the cost will be 150,000,000 francs. The new sea will have an average depth of 20 meters, or amply sufficient for large vessels. The returns of the company are expected to come from the sales of land, rights of navigation, fishing, etc.

Life for this week has a cartoon representing, two days before the wedding a fond young couple in the parlor opening packages and boxes containing presents:

She: "O, Arthur, see what dear JOSIE has sent us; it looks very expensive, and makes the 299th."

He: "And is dear JOSIE single and pretty?"

She: "Yes, indeed. Why?"

He: "O, nothing. Only I am surprised to see how few *married* people you know."

(Counts salt-cellars, and thinks in despair of future demands upon a small income.)

THE Duke of Vallombrosa, who has sued the London *Truth* for libel for stating that his father made his fortune, while commissary or contractor to the French army, by selling meat taken from human bodies, is married to an American woman. CABANEL has recently painted her portrait which, a critic says, is that of an aristocratic looking woman, with a very disagreeable face—"Venom appears to ooze from it." *Truth's* attack on His Grace of Vallombrosa was occasioned by the latter's display of outrageous Bourbon snobbery toward M. CLEMENCEAU.

HARVARD *Crimson:*

The birdlet on the treeling,
Now carols forth his notelet.
The boy that hath no feeling,
Ties tin cans to the goatlet.

What then? The Spring is here,
In palace and in hutlet,
The goat doth jest upon his ear,
And gives that boy a but-let.

THERE is a report that the Administration has decided to unite with Germany and other nations in the protest against the French blockade of Cochin Chinese ports. May be we will have a foreign policy after all.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 5,000 copies printed, we have only some 300 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Arabs in Tripoli who refused to pay taxes have been subdued by Turkish troops after 40 were killed or wounded.——Thus far in 1883, 4,600 emigrants have been dispatched from the Counties Mayo and Galway, Ireland, by aid of the Tuke fund.——The Universalist Publishing House did a business last year of $59,550—the largest in its history.——A Mrs. Wagner, the daughter of a German Baron, committed suicide in a New York hotel by turning on the gas. She had been disinherited and left a widow, and was ill.——Dakota has its Constitutional Convention June 19.——After a long contest in the United Presbyterian Assembly at Pittsburg, the friends of instrumental music in the churches succeeded in gaining their point, the majority report of the Committee on Bills and Overtures being adopted.——The steamer "City of Tokio" brought over 10 tons of opium to San Francisco on her last trip, on which a duty was paid of $123,000. Four tons were landed a few days before. These extraordinary importations are due to the fact that after July 1st the duty will be $10 a pound instead of $6.——As showing the growth of steamships, the President of the British Iron and Steel Association in his recent address said: "The largest vessel built by Messrs. Elder, of Glasgow, up to the end of 1869 was an iron steamer of 3,063 tons, with compound engines of 3,000 horse power, working at 60 pounds pressure. The largest vessel now on the waves is the "Oregon," of 7,400 tons gross and 13,000 horse power; while the speed has increased from 14 to 18 knots. In the former vessel the superficial area of the largest plates used was 32¼ square feet; in the latter it is 206 square feet."——United States Sen. Brown, of Georgia, has the largest income of any man in the South.——The conference of the iron manufacturers and the Amalgamated Association Committees, in Pittsburg, resulted in the manufacturers signing last year's scale of $5.50 per ton for puddling. This action averts a strike, and insures the running of all the mills in the West for at least one year longer.——James A. Harris, the orange king of Florida, received $63,000 net for his orange crop this year.——Norvin Green, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, not many years ago rode through Kentucky as a country doctor, carrying his medicines in his saddle-bags behind him.——Hon Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Mass., who was a member of Congress from December 4, 1843, to March 3, 1851, is now 95 years of age and one of the oldest ex-members now living. He is in excellent health and is still performing the duties of President of a bank at that place.——General Grant thinks both Logan and Blaine formidable candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1884.——In 1882 the gold production of the United States was $32,-500,000, and of silver $46,800,000. This is a decline in gold and an increase in silver.——Gen. Crook, who is making the vigorous campaign against the Indians in Mexico, is about 53 years of age, but he looks little more than 40. He is about five feet ten inches high. He has a fair complexion, his hair is straight and cut short, and he has a large bushy beard which divides naturally in the center. Personal fear is unknown to him, but, while he is reckless of his own person, he is cautious of exposing his troops unless there is something of importance to be achieved thereby.——The excitement continues in regard to the Lower California gold fields. The exact location of the gold fields is said to be known only to Indians in

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Catastrophe on the Bridge—Gov. Cleveland's Vetos—How Dan Manning was Mistaken for the Governor—A Grand Statue of "Mississippi River" for New York—The Noble Work of Mrs. Washington Roebling—A Ruffian Punished—Miscellaneous Items.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, June 2.

Our City has been intensely excited over the panic and loss of life on the bridge, which so sadly ended a most splendid Decoration Day celebration. Everybody has blamed everybody else, and the newspapers have been crowded with scoldings and suggestions. A panic is the one disaster that cannot be provided against. It might occur in the street, or even in the park, and no foresight could prevent it. It is, perhaps, well that the occurrence on the bridge came so soon after its opening, for it will lead to the most elaborate and careful precautions to prevent future disasters as far as human sagacity can prevent them. The novelty of crossing the bridge is already wearing off, and not until the Fourth of July need we expect any further crushing.

SOME GOOD VETOS.

Since the adjournment of the Legislature Gov. Cleveland has been worrying over the bills left for his signature. He has done well in vetoing a rascally street railroad bill for this City, though a great many people will be disappointed. Cross-town roads are needed, and will be still more needed when the West Shore Railroad passes in its floods of passengers. Then the Governor has done well in vetoing many suspicious items in the general appropriation bill. But, on the contrary, he has done wrong in signing the bill to increase the supply of Croton water. This was the biggest job of the session. It involves many years of work and the expenditure of perhaps 50 millions of dollars. A larger supply of water might have been got in a quarter of the time at less than a quarter of the expense, but the Croton job is a Democratic party measures On the money that the tax payers must put down for the work, the Democratic party can live in clover for many years, while the unlimited authority to give employment will make the piling up of votes just before election day as sure as rolling off a log. The chief manager of the job, from its inception, was Orlando B. Potter, a Tammany man of the rankest kind, who manages Mayor Edson with the greatest ease, and who, though he may not be selected as one of the Commissioners, will really manage the whole business. The Governor has shown commendable independence of party on many occasions; but this stupendous job, on which the party can fatten for years, was too much for his Buffalo virtue.

MISTAKEN FOR THE GOVERNOR.

There is a remarkable resemblance between Gov. Cleveland and Daniel Manning, of the Albany Argus—a resemblance so close that strangers constantly mistake the one for the other. Well, Manning had a job which he worked through the Legislature by which he would gobble up the printing of the Court of Appeals reports—an exceedingly fat job. It was too barefaced for the Governor, however, and he vetoed the bill, much to the astonishment and anger of Manning. On the day of the veto, Manning was stumping down State street toward his banking house, looking as black as a thunder-cloud, and conscious that all who knew him were secretly enjoying his discomfiture. At Pearl street, where the crowd was thickest, a Democratic editor from the Western part of the State, rushed up to Manning, grasped his hand, and shouted:

"My dear Governor, allow me to congratulate you upon your glorious veto of that infamous Court of Appeals printing bill. What a rascally swindle it was! I wonder that that fellow Manning had—"

"Who the d—l are you, and what are you giving me?" interrupted Manning, while the crowd was shouting with laughter.

"Why, Governor, don't you remember me? Mr. Smith, of the Catawampus *Illuminator*? You know I nominated you long before the Convention met."

"If you don't take your idiotic carcass out of my way," growled Manning, "I'll put you where the Devil himself can't find you," and he rushed along in a towering rage to his bank. Next day he was early at his barber's, and had the knight of the razor and shears shave and trim him here and there, with the purpose of making his appearance as different as possible from that of Gov. Cleveland.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH STRUCTURE.

Besides the Bartholdi statute of "Liberty Enlightening the World," New York is to have another grand work of art, which is just finished in plaster at Florence, Italy, by the American sculptor Larkin G. Mead. The subject is, "Mississippi River," represented by a huge recumbent statute in treatment somewhat like the "Nile" group in Rome. The figure is represented as leaning against a cluster of rocks, whence from the head streams of the great river, the left arm being supported by a broken paddle-wheel caught by a snag. At the base are seen in *bas relief* figures of various objects that may be seen on the mighty river—a stern-wheeler, a side-wheeler, a field of sugar-cane, a crocodile, a lead mine to represent mineral wealth, negros loading and unloading cotton and other products, etc. The right foot of the enormous figure rests on a ledge of limestone, and in the right hand are stalks of Indian corn in various degrees of age, from the young plant to the harvested stock. On the head is a wreath composed of cotton and tobacco, and a fishing-net is carelessly thrown across the base. The pedestal is 12 feet long, and the weight of the marble will be 44 tons. This work will be presented to the City of New York by Elliot J. Shepard, an eminent lawyer, and son-in-law of William H. Vanderbilt.

A DEVOTED WIFE.

Most people know that the elder Roebling, Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn bridge, lost his life early in the progress of the work, and that his son succeeded him as the head of the great undertaking. They also know that the son was seriously diseased, perhaps so that he will never recover. But few are aware of the peculiar and noble work of Mrs. Roebling in this emergency. When Mr. Roebling became an invalid it was clear that the work on the bridge must be suspended unless some means of communication could be had between Roebling and the workmen. He could see the bridge from his window, but could not go to it. In this emergency Mrs. Roebling met the difficulty as no one else could. She massed her remarkable intelligence to mastering the higher mathematics, and her mind was never lost in their dark and intricate labyrinths. She mastered the most abstruse sciences applied to the bridge, she was almost up with her husband in his own specialties, and dazzled and astounded the engineers by her complete and intelligent understanding of their Chief's theories and plans. Day after day, when she could be spared from the sick-room, in cold and storm, this devoted wife exchanged the duties of chief nurse for those of Chief Engineer of the bridge, explaining knotty points, examining results for herself, and being in fact her husband's hands, eyes and tongue for the guidance of the bridge constructors. How well she discharged duties of the most responsible and important character—duties that never before devolved upon a woman—the perfection of the noble structure amply attests.

A RUFFIAN PUNISHED AT LAST.

No event of the week has so much gratified the respectable people of New York as the sentence to the penitentiary for two years of the notorious James or "Jim" Irving. He was and is a Tammany Democratic leader, a bully and ruffian by nature, ready to cut, slash, gouge out eyes, maim and mutilate wherever his infernal disposition might suggest. He was just the stuff wanted by John Kelly and the Tammany gang; they used him to carry partisan murders and intimidate conventions, and as a reward for his services they elected him to the Assembly, just as they would to-day elect the Devil if they could make him an available candidate. No one can tell how many unprovoked outrages this ruffian Irving committed. No matter how flagrant they were, he generally escaped arrest, and if arrested had not the least trouble in escaping punishment. He laughed at the police and defied the courts. Finally he was convicted by a jury, greatly to his astonishment, but he was confident that the most the Judge dared to do would be the imposing of a fine. He was mistaken. Judge Gildersleeve sentenced him to two years in the Penitentiary—it ought to have been State Prison, but as the brute had been a member of the Legislature, the Judge saved him from that disgrace. And now his friends are making the most tremendous exertions to get a reversal of the sentence, Irving meanwhile having quaffed champagne by the bowl in the City prison. I do not think they will succeed. The people are getting weary of ruffianism, and begin to insist that such brutes should be punished. But if Irving does go to the penitentiary, you may be sure he will be treated as a guest and not as a prisoner. His political influence is stronger even than his fist.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

We are enjoying most delightful summer weather.

Coney Island is open, but the air is rather too cool for any rush of visitors.

The World is booming under the management of Joe Pulitzer.

The West Shore Railroad on the west side of the Hudson through to the lakes, will be opened in a few days.

Dudes are dying out. They cannot stand the torrents of ridicule poured out by the press and the people.

Now comes the rush for Europe. To-day seven steamers leave this port for the Old World, carrying over a thousand first-class passengers.

Five young women graduated last night as Doctors of Medicine from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. There are about a dozen women practicing medicine in this City.

ZENO.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Decoration Day—A Wedding That Did Not Take Place—Virginia Politics—The New Commissioner of Internal Revenue—Archery—Star Route Trial Near Its Close—Murch and Hill—President—Sec. Folger—The Bridge Disaster—Luray.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1883.

This is the first day of Summer, but in Washington we have had no Summer weather and the fields and woods on the hills around us are not browned by heat, but are in their richest green. Decoration Day, which has uniformly been oppressively hot, was, this year, exceptionally cool and delightful. There was no rain and a gentle breeze came up from the cool bosom of the Potomac to fan the City and the innumerable pic-nic parties that went out from it in every direction. In other respects the day was remarkable. The *Republican* calls attention to the fact that the ceremonies at Arlington and the other soldier cemeteries were never more impressive or better attended. It says: "In all the years that have passed since the war there has been no more general observance of the day than there was yesterday, and on no former anniversary has there been manifested a more generous disposition in laying on the graves of the dead the usual tribute of flowers." In still another respect the day was conspicuous. The dispatches from abroad, in all directions—South as well as North—indicate a greater fraternity of feeling than has ever been manifested before since the war. And, when such feelings as have uniformly been expressed on this occasion rise spontaneously to the lips they indicate that the war is over and the Union restored, not in name only, but in "deed and in truth."

On the evening before Decoration Day a party which met in one of our churches to witness a marriage ceremony had a sore disappointment, and broke up without witnessing the expected event. A young lady, Miss Ida Johnson, of a good family, had been receiving the attentions of a young man, the son of one of our merchants, by the name of Henry Bergling. Mr. Bergling's father is a Catholic, but the young man did not seem to follow very much in his father's footsteps, and pretty uniformly went to church on Sundays with the young lady, who was a member of the Lutheran Church, Rev. Dr. Domer. But after all the wedding arrangements were made, the invitations given out and the minister notified to attend, the young man sought an interview with his affianced and informed her that he must be married by a Catholic priest. The way he proposed to fix it was to go over to Georgetown and be married privately and then come back and go through the expected ceremony in the Lutheran Church. But to such an arrangement the young lady refused to give her consent, and the matter was so strenuously urged on his part that the engagement was broken and the parties did not appear at the church according to arrangement.

It is, I think, pretty generally conceded that the Virginia elections last week went strongly against the coalition, and that the effect on the individual fortunes of Mahone is likely to be disastrous. There is no doubt that the coalition has been greatly advantageous to the people of color; that it has uprooted many ancient abuses; that it has done much to advance the work of general education, and has made it easy for the two races to act in harmony. But the trouble with it is that it is not the movement of the people but of a *Boss*. It has been essentially the work of one man, and of a man whose methods are not always popular. He is arrogant and dictatorial and demands altogether too much. It is not remarkable therefore that he provokes violent opposition, and that the Republicans, who had formerly the management of party matters in their own hands, should follow him reluctantly or not at all. Dezendorf, who was lately a Republican member of Congress from the Norfolk District, is in open rebellion against him, and Republicans in other States, following the lead of the New York *Tribune*, are sometimes disposed to make war on him. These things, together with the recent reverse, are likely to put the Bourbons back again to the front and are shaking the confidence which some were feeling that Virginia would give her vote for the Republican Presidential candidate. At any rate Virginia politics are just now at sea and the future is very uncertain. If the Mahone interest could carry the solid Republican vote it would hold the State without much effort; but more and more they are disposed to desert his banners, and recent events must do much towards weakening the coalition.

The new Commissioner of Internal Revenue took the oath of office immediately on receiving his appointment, but did not appear at the office until yesterday, when Gen. Raum took him in hand and introduced him to the heads of divisions. He is taller than his predecessor, but what he gains in height he loses in rotundity. He has a very important branch of the public service under his charge and the hope is that he will improve on the splendid achievements of Gen. Raum.

We have an Archery Club in the District, composed of ladies and gentlemen, who practice at regular intervals on the vacant grounds just north of the City. On decoration day they had a contest for various prizes; but the shooting was no improvement on that of Robin Hood.

The last speech in the Star Route trial, with the exception of the Judge's charge, is now being rehearsed, and even some of our old men may live to see the end of the trial. The Government has made a pretty strong case against the culprits, but not so strong as to make them very confident about the verdict.

The charges of Mr. Murch against the Government Architect (Hill) have been proclaimed and re-proclaimed by the papers, but after many delays and postponements, are only just now in a fair way to be thoroly investigated. As yet nothing of importance has been disclosed.

The President lingers in New York and is not expected to return before next week. His health is hardly equal to the claims of his great office, and after an exciting day he seeks recuperation by rest; but he bears himself well amidst all his cares and the fashion of abusing him on every occasion in which he appears before the public seems to be dying out. More and more the country is coming to the conclusion that he is a wise and prudent administrator.

Sec. Folger, too, appears to be rapidly recovering from the *black eye* that New York gave him last Fall. If the thing was to be done over again a large part of those who were seduced into the services of the Democratic party on that occasion would be glad of an opportunity to show their fealty to the party and their appreciation of the men.

The dreadful disaster on the Brooklyn bridge awakens lively interest here. But the practical question is as to how similar disasters are to be avoided. Evidently a great safeguard would be a division in the footway and a requirement that all the passengers going to New York should take one side and all the passengers going to Brooklyn the other side.

There was a big excursion train from this City to the Luray Caves on Decoration Day, but while the passengers found the wonders of the underground mansion all that was expected, they complain bitterly of the long journey and the slow, wheezy locomotive.

BUCKEYE.

DAKOTA.

Information from the Northwest.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SPRINGFIELD, Bon Homme Co., Dak. May 22, 1883.

In the BLADE of April 19, I saw a letter from Barnes County, Dakota, in which the writer leaves the impression with the readers that what he says of Barnes County is applicable to the whole of Dakota. His statements however true of Barnes County, are wide of the truth when applied to Southern Dakota—to the river Counties. There is no rock in this County to amount to anything. There is not enough for building purposes. There is an occasional gravel bed, but the rule is there is no rock. As to sloughs, there are but few which cultivation will not dry up. Now, as to the soil, here in Bon Homme County and other river Counties, it will compare favorably with the best; it is a deep, dark sandy loam, very fertile and easily tilled. While fertilizers will improve the productiveness of any soil they are not required to produce a good crop of either grain or vegetables. Iowa, Illinois, or Missouri will not produce better corn than this soil grows every season. The average on well cultivated land is 45 to 50 bushels per acre. Corn raised here last year has been shipped to Iowa this Spring for seed. Wheat, oats, rye, barley and flax are good crops, always producing a good average. Winter wheat has been tried with success. The large Russian flax well put in, will yield from 10 to 15 bushels per acre, off of sod sowing. Cattle, sheep and hogs all do splendidly here. Cattle will live the year round on the wild grasses and the hay made of it.

Melons, squashes, pumpkins, beets, carrots, pieplant, cabbage, potatos, radishes, onions and lettuce; strawberries, gooseberries, currants, grapes, blackberries and raspberries grow with the greatest thriftiness, and are solid, first-class vegetables and fruit, in both texture and flavor. I suppose it may be yet doubted whether peaches can be grown here; still I have seen some very fine young trees. There is no doubt but this is a good apple country.

The climate is uniformly healthful. The atmosphere is very dry in the Winter, having none of the dampness of lower latitudes. There is no malaria here. Usually there is no rain from September till April. The snow here last Winter would not have averaged 15 inches. I saw no drift over three feet deep. There was not a day the whole of last Winter but that the stage went from Yankton to Fort Randall, a distance of 75 miles. The mercury reached 28° below once or twice. It is cold here, but not chilly. This County has plenty of creeks and springs. In relief Bon Homme County is a rolling prairie. Wheat, oats and flax at present look finely. This week and next will see the corn all planted.

I have been very specific in this letter, that my reader may know just what this country is. Come to Bon Homme County, Dak., and realize the truth as told of this County.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS.

Matters in Washington Territory.

To the Editor of the Blade.

WAITSBURG, WALLA WALLA, W. T., May 15, 1883.

In response to my piece in the BLADE I receive so many letters of inquiry in regard to this country that it is impossible for me to reply to each separately. So if you will kindly give me space I will answer through the BLADE. A few of these are as follows:

The lay of the land is hilly. There is no timber in the eastern part of the State except on streams and on the mountains. We have fir, pine, alder, tamarack, willow and birch timbers. It is four miles from here to the nearest railroad. The price of coal is $14 per ton and wood is $7 per cord on the mountains, and $8, for soft wood, on the streams. You can get lumber for building in any quantity at from $14 to $30 per 1,000 feet. There is plenty of fish in the rivers and streams, principally suckers, trout, eel and salmon, besides smaller fish, with whose names I am not acquainted. There is no game except prairie chickens, and they only out of the mountains. There are many Indians, but they are all on reservations. We have plenty of schools. Last year our school money was $10 per scholar. This year I do not know what it will be. We have a great many colleges and churches. Churches are everywhere. One question is, "How far do you have to go out of society to get vacant land." That depends on what kind of land you want. You will do well to buy out single men that have land to speculate on, as you can generally get good land of them for $12.50 to $20, according to to improvements and locations. We have both kinds of water, hard and soft. In some places there is some alkali, and wherever that is the water is hard, but that kind agrees best with some people. The prices of cattle are: Cows, $50; yearling heifers, $20; calves, $12; beef steers from $30 to $50; horses for farm use are worth $80 to $200; there are no work-oxen, except in logging camps, and I don't suppose money would buy those; hogs are about six cents gross, on foot; sheep are $3 a piece; chickens are $4.50 to $12 a dozen, the latter being paid for fine ones. Farm machinery can be bought anywhere, as can also housekeeping goods, which you can get as nice as you want or as cheap, but you will have to pay more for the same kind here than you do in the East. The kinds of grain or produce which do best here are wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn and buckwheat. Flax does tolerably well. Everything to be raised in a garden grows to perfection in most places. I have raised parsnips as large as a pint cup and five feet long. One of my neighbors raised cabbages the same year that would not go in a half bushel, but that is an exception, not the rule. We never irrigate, and never have any severe storms, cyclones or tornadoes. Once in several years, near the mountains, there will be a cloud burst, but I never heard of but one that did any damage. In that two children were drowned. We have very few snakes of any kind and none very dangerous. I am nearly 40 years old and I have never seen more than one rattlesnake, but I am told there are a few in some parts of the Territory. We have no chinch bug or weevil or grasshoppers to destroy our grain, and no worms in our apples or plums. There are no diseases peculiar to this climate. We have no drouths in Summer. The coldest weather last Winter was 28° below zero for half a day. The hottest in the Summer was 100° in the shade for two days.

We have plenty of outside range yet of the best kind. There is but little hay raised, perhaps not enough to last the stock, if fed to all, over one day, but it is only fed to sheep. Our cattle and horses winter well on straw without shelter. We don't turn them on to straw until after New Year, when we have a hard Winter, all through December will be nice and pleasant. Farmers plow nearly through December and commence again in April. This March was as nice as any April. We had 11 inches of snow which lay about six weeks. During our coldest weather we never have a bit of wind, so the cold does not penetrate as if there were a stinging wind. There will be plenty of vacant land, both Government and railroad for thousands of families for some time across Snake River and some on this side. Railroads are building as fast as money and men can do it. It is estimated that there will be in Walla Walla County alone 2,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this year. Most people coming here get home-sick the first year and some leave but generally come back contented to stay.

MRS. L. P. KRAMER.

OREGON.

Development of the Country.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Having observed communications to your invaluable paper from various parts of the country, perhaps a few lines from this "Eldorado" of the Far West would not be amiss, and maybe would be of interest to some who are unacquainted with "Umpqua."

The country known as Umpqua is situated in the northern part of Douglas County, on or near a river bearing the same name, and adjacent tributaries, in the southern part of the State. We have a salubrious climate, perhaps as much so as any other place on the globe—at least so say the tourists. Yet there are "drawbacks," or defects, accompanying this one. The rain is the principal objection the traveler finds; yet compared with the Willamette Valley we have not so much. By going East of the Cascade mountains on the same isothermal the traveler finds less rain and more snow, and colder weather in the Winter and hotter in the Summer. The depth of snow is not so great here, but outside stock will Winter themselves, and look well in Spring. This is an unusually cold month for this climate, a kind of "December lingering in the lap of May," as it were. The oak and maples are leaving out, and the strawberries have commenced ripening.

The productions are of nearly all the kinds natural to a temperate climate, such as wheat, oats, barley and potatos which excel all the rest. Fruit raising is not so extensive as it will be in the future, from the fact that apples, plums and pears thrive here, and surpassed by no other country, I think. Peaches do well in some localities. Vineyards are few, altho grapes and hops do well.

Stock-raising will be a thing of the future—that is, there will be more attention devoted to it than there is at present. There will be a better grade in general and a greater number, consequently the value of stock-raising will increase, and we will realize a better price for beeves and milch cows. If there is anything that pays on a farm it is the grading of stock, cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry.

Schools in this country are far behind the age—that is, they generally lack the improvement that the progress of the times demands. Albeit, we have a few good institutions of learning in this State, namely: The State University at Eugene City, Willamette University at Forest Grove, and Seminaryies at Monmouth, Wilbur, Oakland and elsewhere; but the common schools at large lack the impetus necessary to furnish the supply that the higher institutions demand. They lack some of the "bone and sinew" elemept of energy, so to speak, that some of our sister States in the East possess. There are many things incident to their shortcomings, and though I am not ready to say that the teacher is altogether to blame for them, he is in a great measure. If we had a State Normal School that he could attend, perhaps he would better his cause; but the majority of our teachers make it a transient profession. It is generally made a "camping ground," with a view of arriving at other destinations in the future, particularly with the fair sex. Our country school houses, as a general rule, are dilapidated establishments, more fit for abodes for domestic animals than for human beings, beings that are to help shape the destinies of this commonwealth. This, perhaps, is an oversight of the patrons of schools.

There are a great many who desire to take up new homes, and many who want to buy. To those who want to buy or take up vacant lands, I would say there are thousands of acres of railroad and Government timber land in this County yet, which if cleaned and cultivated would make good homes for families. The credit system, which so many farmers adopted in the past, is causing many good farms to be sold at a low figure. According to statistics, three-fourths of the farms in this County are either mortgaged, or have a heavy debt hanging over them. But a new era is dawning upon us, and no doubt, the next five years will effect a greater change in the progress and development of commerce, as well as education in this State, than has the past 20. One of the principal means to bring about these results is the "trans-continental system of railway" now in course of construction. Henry Villard, one of your Eastern capitalists has bestowed us a favor or two, in commerce and education, which is giving a new impulse to our prosperity and a Villard at the front will produce the millennium of development in Oregon.

H. B. HENDRICKS.

THE PAPAL CIRCULAR.

"Fair Play's" Ideas on the Subject.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

NEW ALBIN, Ia., May 26, 1883.

Will you please allow me a small space in your very valuable and widely-read paper? It is on a subject now going the rounds of the press, viz.: The Pope's circular to the Irish Catholic Bishops. I do not wonder at you or others of our native press, who can know but little of what a Pope can do, and what he *cannot* do, when I read editorials and public sayings of those who ought to know better.

In the first place, the present Pope belongs to the theological school of St. Thomas Aquinas, one of the greatest authorities in the church on obedience and resistance, and St. Thomas' theology is the theology, *par excellence*, which he enjoins on all the students. This all the Catholic clergy know. Neither is the British Government ignorant of this fact, but it wants to throw dust in the eyes of the ignorant in the church, and of the world, outside her pale.

The fact is, the Pope can only advise peaceable means: he cannot excommunicate for the consequence. Balmez, who is my authority, says: "The Catholic religion *never* enjoins obedience when the government oversteps its faculties," and these faculties are: All for the public weal; taxes equally distributed. As it is they bear onerous burden, such as rent to Irish landlords, with the tenants starving and the fields under water, or the people scattered all over the country, gathering stubble instead of straw, as in Egypt, long ago, and overtaxing, just as did the ten tribes, or in the matter of the French Revolution and in the American Stamp Act. In extreme circumstances, non-resistance is not a dogmatical prescription, and the church never taught that it was. She (the church), to be sure, teaches patience and resignation, but there is a point at which she stops and cries "enough." If she does not advocate insurrection, she does not prohibit it. But she condemned the excesses of the French Revolution, and she condemns the murders in Ireland.

The Pope may think certain features of Irish affairs unwise, inexpedient, but never denied or taught that the people had no right to choose their own form of government. Thus I forgive Victor Emanuel, and he made no restitution. Like the Jews, the Romans preferred a King to a theocracy, as God told Samuel.—FAIR PLAY.

RED RIVER,

And How They Farm in the Valley Thereof.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

MAPLETON, D. T.

Perhaps there are some of your readers who would like to know how we farm it here. I am right in the heart of the Red River Valley, one of the finest wheat countries in the world. The land is very level and there are some large farms here. This Spring I saw 40 sulkies all at work in one field at a time, and also 40 drags. They calculate to drive 20 miles a day, as that is a day's work for a team. In the Fall I have seen 60 teams all in the field plowing together. It looked like an old-fashioned circus train. Gang plows, which are pretty much like sulky plows, only there are two plows instead of one, cut 30 inches, and it takes four horses to draw them, and they plow some long furrows. The longest one I have yet seen, without a break in it, was six miles. I rode over a field where there was a steam plow, which came from England, at work. It consists of six plows, and is drawn by two engines, one at each end, with a cable stretched between. The wheat is all No. 1 hard. It went 20 bushels to the acre last year. It is up now and looks well along the line of the Northern Pacific.

The smaller farms completed their seeding pretty generally last week, and are now preparing for breaking. In conversation with some of the oldest inhabitants and most experienced farmers, it was learned that the present seeding season has been the most favorable yet experienced, although somewhat late. It is early enough, however, when the fact is taken into consideration that crops in the Red River Valley not unfrequently mature in 90 days after seeding.

M. H. BESSEY,

Nebraska.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

JOHNSTOWN, Neb., May 22.

A word on Nebraska, with your permission. It is somewhat amusing to read the many letters from "beloved Nebraska."

I am living in the Northwestern part of the State at present, and am fully acquainted with the country. I will admit there is some nice land, though it is very scarce, but it can never be an industrial country, unless settled with men of means or cattle men. A writer may say we have little or no mud, I admit it. We have no soil or clay from which mud can be made. We have plenty of it in Winter and Spring, when it does no good, but damage. I have seen as beautiful land to look upon as anyone would wish to see, but there are so many drawbacks. In season, when a farmer seems to have a good prospect for a crop, in July or the 1st of August will come the intensely hot and dry weather, drying all vegetation to a crisp.

It is not prudent for men living in Nebraska to wish to see the dark side of them state, at least while they still have unsold property and want to sell, and so they try to keep the light side of the State before the people.

W. C. MARINER.

The Far West.

WALLULA, WALLA WALLA CO., W. T. May 20, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

This is the first time after a residence of 20 years in this County, that I have ever written a line to a paper, but seeing so many letters in the BLADE from different portions of the country, I thought it would not be amiss to write a few lines from this far Western part of the United States. I came to this County in 1862 and have lived here ever since. Had I known at that time that the great Bunch Grass Hills of the Columbus Valley were going to prove themselves to be one of the greatest wheat producing sections of the United States, what might have been! Still after 20 years of continuous crops with never a failure, there is still plenty of good land left for the taking.

WALLULA.

Severe Storm.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

MILLS POINT, Van Zandt Co., Tex., May 23.

One of the heaviest rain storms witnessed in this section for years, visited us on the 19th inst. On the evening of the 21st, a sharp frost fell in places in the lowlands, severely nipping corn, vines, etc. There was a slight frost here last also. Cotton not all planted yet. Some crops generally look well, though backward. Wheat promises a fair yield and is now ripening.

A. C. RUSSELLE.

VALIANT WARRIORS.

Reckless Shooting by a Marshal's Posse in Indian Territory.

ST. LOUIS, June 3.—The following story comes from Indian Territory: A terrible piece of criminal recklessness on the part of the United States Marshal, which resulted in the killing of three children, has just come to light.

Some three weeks since, Deputy Marshal Marston, with a posse, were looking for a couple of Indian murderers in the Chickasaw Nation, near Red River. They were supposed to be at a certain house, and just before daylight the officers surrounded the place. The woman of the house, with two of her children, aged 13 and 16, were sleeping out under the trees, owing to the heat, and the third child, 9 years old, was sleeping in the house. The Marshal, on riding up, woke them, and they, supposing some drunken Indians were carousing near, ran for the house to barricade the door.

The Marshal, without waiting for closer investigation to see whether they were the parties wanted, opened fire, killing both the boys and wounding the woman. They then rushed into the house, and seeing the other boy lying there in the dim light, shot him. On discovering their mistake they left, and reported that they had killed three desperados, but the facts have just come out. The Chickasaws are greatly excited over it, and are determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

Bismarck the Capital.

FARGO, Dak., June 2.—After three ballots the Dakota Capitol Commission tonight fixed upon Bismarck as the site of the Capital by a vote of 5 to 4.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our agents for securing this special number, we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by Earnest Warren, now well-known to our readers, will soon be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

TEXAS TORNADO.

One Hundred and Fifty Houses Wrecked, but Only One Life Lost.

GREENVILLE, June 4.—A tornado struck here last evening in a northwesterly direction with terrific force. There were torrents of rain for 20 minutes, and the total destruction of the town seemed inevitable. A survey of the town shows 150 houses either blown down entirely or moved from their foundations. A large number of old buildings were more or less injured. Strange to say only one life was lost, that of a colored child. Several persons were severely injured. The north end was blown off the Missouri Pacific depot, and the same with the freight depot. The Methodist and colored churches were totally wrecked, and Presbyterian and Baptist Churches badly damaged. There was heavy rain at other points, but no tornado.

An Illegal Lottery.

To the Editor of the Courier Journal:

In reference to an advertisement in your paper of May 21, 1883, published at the instigation of a rival lottery company, and for the purpose of taking the advertisement and republishing in the various newspapers throughout the country to the injury and detriment of the Commonwealth Distributing Company, justice and fair play compel the undersigned to write a few facts in regard to the matter. No company but the Louisiana Lottery Company would be mean enough to publish such an article against another company. The Louisiana Lottery Company did a few years ago make a determined effort to break up the Commonwealth Distribution Company in Louisville, Ky., but failed. Seeing that R. M. Boarman, of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, by his push, honesty and enterprise is building up a business equal to their own, they are again seeking to ruin his company. Will such underhand proceedings do them any good or the Commonwealth Distribution Company any harm? No! The Louisiana Lottery Company, owning the State of Louisiana, now desire to own Kentucky and the whole world. It comes with bad grace, this persecution here, when it is well known the Louisiana Company have an agent right here in Louisville, selling tickets openly in defiance of law. They want the Commonwealth Company to quit, so they can have all the business. Is not the Louisiana Company illegal in its own State? Let the reader ask for the great Louisiana Congressman's (Robertson) speech before the last Congress. He states truthfully and boldly that it is illegal; their charter has been repealed, and the Legislature has never re-established it. Now, as to its fairness, they have two ex-rebel Generals who say to the best of their knowledge their drawing are fair. They place, so they say, 100,000 numbers in tubes and put them in the wheels when in fact two persons could not wrap, count and place in the tubes 100,000 numbers in two months. The only fair way a drawing can be had is to allow any ticket holder the right to call for his number and see it placed in the wheel. The Louisiana Company will not and dare not do this. It's the old story of the pot calling the kettle black.

R.

—*From the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal May 30th, 1883.*

During the past few years the BLADE has had thousands of novels which we were obliged to decline, as they were not included in our catalogue. This week we are pleased to refer our readers to the new advertisement of T. B. Peterson & Bros., who publish exclusively the works of Mrs. Southworth, both in cheap and better binding. Messrs. Petersons also publish the celebrated French novelist Zola's works, as well as all of the popular novels of the times. If the readers of the BLADE will apply to T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia, Pa., by postal card, they will receive a catalogue of their publications. Be sure to say that you saw the advertisement in the BLADE.

A Washington special says the indications are that the British Government has given up efforts to extradite Sheridan, Walsh and Tynan.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

A Bureau of Wants, Exchanges, tec.

There is such a host of inquiries for addresses of friends, officers of regiments, comrades, ex changes of articles, etc., that they trespass seriously on the space we need for matters of interest to all of our readers. The notes, on the other hand, can be of interest to but very few. We have decided, therefore, to make a moderate charge for the insertion of these requests, which will reimburse us for the cost of composition, though not for the space occupied. *Therefore after this date all matters of this kind to secure insertion must not exceed 20 words in length, including address and all—and must be accompanied by 50 cents.* As this is less than one-third our usual advertising rates, its privileges will be confined wholly to subscribers of the BLADE, for whose accommodation it is instituted, and non-subscribers to the paper, including general advertisers, will not be admitted under any circumstances. Below we give some of the matters that will hereafter be placed under this head.

Remember the terms: 50 cents for a single insertion, of not to exceed 20 words. The money to accompany the order, or no attention will be paid it. It must also come from a *bona-fide* subscriber to the BLADE:

FOR $1 and the name and address plainly written, F. E. J. Malone, Box 81, Oswego, Ill., will send a recipe of exceeding value to ailing women.

WILL Sergt. Frank Armstrong of Co. C, 25th O. V. I., Capt. Williams, please send his address to John Tisher, Jr., Hannibal, Monroe Co., O.? If said Armstrong does not answer will not some friend do so?

WANTED—The address of some one who knew my son George Munnell, of Co. G, 38th O. V. I. in 1865, while at Andersonville. By Mrs. Eliza Munnell, Lower Salem, O.

The Tewksbury Tannery.

BOSTON, June 3.—Early last May the Governor obtained through the State detective police, a tanned human skin from a Weymouth tanning firm, which he used in the Tewksbury investigation. Hearing this, the firm recently sent for their property, but the Governor refused to return it, stating that he acknowledges no property in human hides, but if the firm thinks there is any property in this and thinks it is being wrongfully retained and they wish to recover possession, they are at liberty to try by writ of replevin or other process of law. The Governor assures the firm, however, that the human remains in his possession will be decently buried after they have served the process of evidence.

Warning to Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—The following general order has been issued:

Postmasters at first and second class offices will hereafter give personal attention to the business of their offices and not absent themselves therefrom without authority, granted upon written application to this department. A violation of this order will be deemed sufficient cause for removal.

W. Q. GRESHAM, Postmaster General.

PENSIONS AND BOUNTY.

Important Law enacted by Congress August 7th, 1882, removing **Charge of Desertion** and granting **Honorable Discharge** and **Arrears of Pay and Bounty.** Heirs entitled to all benefits where soldier is dead. Pensions still due to thousands of Soldiers, Widows, Minor Children and Dependent Parents. Increase—Many Pensioners entitled to increase under new laws and more liberal rulings. Rejected and Abandoned Cases reopened and prosecuted with promptness. Copies of Discharges obtained. Patents and Land Warrant procured. Send two Stamps for New Laws and Rulings and Decisions. **H. S. BERLIN & CO. Attorneys,** Lock Box 592, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Southworth's New Book.

SELF-MADE;

OR, OUT-OF-THE DEPTHS.

In now Complete in Book Form, in Two Volumes. Price $1.75 each, or $3.50 a set.

It is also issued under the names of

Ishmael! and Self-Raised

Price $1.75 each, or $3.50 for the Two.

For sale by all Booksellers, and

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXVIII.

THE HAIR.

The hair is often called the woman's crown of glory, and it has very much to do with her appearance. The soft framework which Nature has made for her face requires, however, not only good taste in the arrangement, but great care in order to preserve its beauty,—a care which very many do not think of giving until the thinning locks and changing color remind them that there is a possibility of this necessary addition to their charms passing away from them when it will be the most missed. To lose the hair is at any time, however, a great misfortune. I shall never forget the terrible shock, it was to me once when I saw a young lady whom I had admired for her fair, sweet face set around by clustering brown hair, after a severe sickness which had left her entirely shorn of her beautiful locks and with an absolutely bare head. It was an accident that brought her before me without her little coquettish cap and wig. The transformation was so great, her beauty so entirely gone that met in a strange place, I should not have known her. I had never before imagined that this loss could be such a misfortune. And this is why I so earnestly advise you to do all that you can to keep your locks luxuriant and healthy.

Of course the hair is often affected by a diseased body. It becomes dry and harsh, falls out in quantities, loses its gloss, and perhaps begins to turn gray because of deranged organs, excessive heat and lack of nutrition. The remedy then lies in a restoration of health. But when conditions are normal, the treatment is very simple. Have a good brush and every night before retiring use it thoroly. I do not mean a half dozen passes over the head, but a good 10 minutes brushing until the scalp glows with the friction. Repeat the operation in the morning if you have time, but be sure that once a day at least this is done. Be careful in combing out the hair, not to tangle or break the ends. I have seen people jerk the comb or brush against a refractory knot until they managed to break it away from the rest. The consequence is a mass of uneven locks that always give a rough appearance, no matter how carefully the coiffure may be arranged.

Once a week wash the head in warm water. Dampen the hair first, then rub powdered borax over it and apply the water until there is a complete lather. Rinse it off in clear, warm water. You may be compelled to change it two or three times. The last time throw a little salt into the bowl. This is said to keep the hair from turning gray. Wring it as dry as possible; take a towel and rub all the water out that the cloth will take; comb it out carefully and brush it until dry upon the head. If this is too tiresome a task wrap a towel around the head, to prevent evaporation and cooling, which would be likely to give you a chill, then sit down and wait patiently until it is in a proper condition to arrange.

The great trouble about this is the danger of taking cold, but proper care will always prevent this. The washing must not be done in a hurry; sufficient time must be given for the hair to dry before doing it up; you must not get in a draft with the hair wet and the head uncovered. A good thing is to rub Jamaica rum over the scalp just before brushing. That stimulates it and prevents a chill. Many people use the white of an egg in washing the hair. That is very good, perhaps just as beneficial as the borax, altho I much prefer the latter.

The frequent head bath is all that is necessary to keep the hair in good order unless there is some disease of the scalp. If there seems to be a lack of the natural oil, a very little of the softest and finest oil that can be found may be used, but carefully avoid this sopping the head with perfumed stuff that only sticks it up, catches the dust and is generally uncleanly.

Now as to the patent medicines to promote the growth of the hair. Rest assured that very many of them are humbugs, some of them are harmless, and some absolutely hurtful. Where they seem to do most good is when the directions for their use include with the application a thoro rubbing and brushing of the scalp. You would have, probably, perceived the same good effects without the nostrum from the friction of the scalp systematically applied. Or if a stimulant was required to still further quicken the action of the skin, a simple thing as brandy, in which blood root (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*) has been soaking, that you can procure for yourself at much less cost, will be just as effective

Do *not* use any hair dyes. If your hair is growing gray accept it as one of the inevitables that poor health or remorseless Time brings, and let it be. Almost all of the advertised articles to change the color of the hair contain some mineral poison which will, sooner or later, affect the health. Paralysis has been known to follow their use, and if not that, other evils. Do not allow vanity to tempt you into experimenting with anything for any purpose of whose composition you know nothing. There are worse things than gray hair.

Many people are very much troubled with dandruff. This, of course, denotes a diseased condition of the scalp, but it may often be cured by the baths which I have recommended. The trouble seems to be in an excess of heat which causes the scarf skin to dry and scale off. A simple remedy warmly recommended is to put an ounce of sulphur in a quart of water, letting it stand for several hours, occasionally stirring the water. Then pour off the clear liquid and wash the head with it every morning.

Persons who desire to crimp the hair or are troubled with short locks falling on the neck, will find the following bandoline excellent and easily made: Put an ounce of quince seed in three pints of water, boil it down one-half, strain it into wide-mouthed bottles and add a few drops of essence to keep it sweet and fresh.

The same thing is true of these directions for the care of the hair as of those for every part of the body—they must be persevered in. The object is to keep it in health, to preserve its color, its length, its softness, and every property which Nature has given it to make up its beauty. Neglect it, and like all other things worth having, it will lose what makes it attractive, or will leave you altogether. But it is so easily cared for, the trouble is really so little after the habit is once formed, that it seems strange to find any careless in the matter.

The following are among the many letters we receive daily commending the articles on "Health and Beauty:"

I enjoy your very interesting letters or articles on "Health and Beauty" extremely, and if every girl and woman in the BLADE paid attention to it, you would have fewer requests for a remedy for this, that and the other. I am very truly yours, R. A. N., Lansing, Mich.

Although my object in writing is to ask a favor, I want to thank you for your "Health and Beauty" articles. I think your article in last week's paper was written expressly for me. We have taken the BLADE since 1876; then it had no Household. I would like to come occasionally if I knew I would be welcome. With many thanks for past favors, I remain, Mrs. W. H., Muscatine, Iowa.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Work-Bag.—Get a pretty silk handkerchief, hem a narrow tape on the wrong side in a circular form, letting the diameter be equal to the width of the handkerchief. Trim the handkerchief with lace, line the corners above the tape or ribbon with a pretty contrasting color of silk or satin, run a ribbon, work bag fashion, through the hemmed-on tape, draw it up, and you have as tasteful a hand-bag as anyone can devise.

Grates in Summer.—A bright fire renders a grate a thing of beauty, because of the cheerful look it gives to a room, but when the hot weather comes and it is no longer needed, some way of hiding it is desirable. One of the most effective is to get a pretty basket of the right hight and width, and cut it down through the center so that the half will just fit over the bars. Then either gild it or paint it a bright color, or if it is a little open so that you can draw ribbons through it, you can paint it black and trim it as you do rattan chairs. Fix it to the grate, which you have already filled with branches of evergreen or whatever you like in such a way as to make it look as if the greenery came out of it. Or if you have peacock feathers, they can be arranged very prettily in the basket. In this way the unsightly empty grate may be made a thing of beauty. But on no account arrange it any way that will prevent an easy removal in order to build a fire when necessary during the cool days of Summer. —ED.

Knitted Lace.—Cast on 17 stitches. 1st Row.—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 1—m 2—p 2 tog—k 7—m 1—p 2 tog. 2d Row.—M 2—p 2 tog—k 9—p last loop—k 1—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row.—K 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 11—m 1—p 2 tog—letting the last loop off the needle; 4th row.—M 2—p 2 tog—k 11—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3. 5th row.—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 1—m 2—p 2 tog—k 6—m 1—p 2 tog—dropping loop; 6th row—m 2—p 2 tog—k 8—p loops—k 2—p loops—k 1—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3; 7th row—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 15—m 1—p 2 tog—drop loop; 8th row—m 2—p 2 tog—k 13—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3. 9th row—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 1—m 2—p 2 tog—m 2—p 2 tog—m 2—p 2 tog—k6—m 1—p 2 tog—drop loops. 10th row—m 2—p 2 tog—k 8—p loop—k 2—p loop—k 1—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3; 11th row—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 16—m 1—p 2 tog—drop loop; 12th row—m 2—p 2 tog—k 6—slip 5 stitches over the last, or 6 stitches, leaving 4 on the right-hand needle—k 10—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3; 13 row—k 3—m 1—p 2 tog—k 11—m 1—p 2 tog—drop loop; 14th row—m 2—p 2 tog—k 11—m 1—p 2 tog—k 3. Commence with the first.

Correspondence Clippings.

"Lallah Rookh" wrote the BLADE some time ago wanting to know how to pass the Sunday where there is no church to go to. Suppose you organize a little Sunday School of your own, if there are children near you. Get them all together and get some of the young ladies to assist you in teaching. You could not be more profitably engaged.—GOOD GRIST.

I would like to criticize some criticisms in reference to children eating. Three times say is enough for any one to eat, whether child or adult, and any more eating does more harm than good. There may be some exceptions, as no general rule is without. As to cleanliness being next to godliness I affirm it is a part of godliness; and the Bible teaches it as plain as everything else, although not in the exact words. —SANS SOUCIE.

We boil the fine clothes first, those not quite so fine next, and the coarse ones last. We rub them a little in clean water, and when the boiling suds gets too dark colored, we take the sudsing water to boil in, and have fresh water in the tub. Do not be afraid of using a little soap and water, and you will not have to use so much strength. We do not use any more than we need, however. If you have any stained articles, of course they must not be put into hot water. There are seven in our family and we do our washing in three hours. I don't believe there are many sisters who put out whiter clothes than we do.

Brandy will take grease well from flour sacks by soaping them well before they are ever wet. I think boiling clothes too long makes them yellow.

"Helena," you and I should live together, for you could do the cooking, and I the dishwashing. The latter is much more agreeable to me than the former.

Hoping "Lydia" will give the "new way one more trial, I will close.—BETSEY BROOMCORN.

Just look for life, and energy, and good moral habits in a man; then, if you are economical with his earnings, you can be comfortable. It is old adage is that a woman can throw out more with a teaspoon than a man can carry in on a shovel. Any home is pleasant if kept neat and tidy, if not richly furnished. Work together, be cheerful and pleasant at all times—not cross and irritable, as some families are.

Oh home, I prize it above everything else. There is something there that one cannot find elsewhere. If weary in any way, there is where one can rest as well as in my own easy chair or bed at home.

Suppose the young men should say, "I will not marry a young lady unless she is rich;" how would that sound? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.—VALEDA.

In the last BLADE someone wonders why a way is not proposed by which the bachelors of the far West may become acquainted with the fair sex.

Now, if one of the fair sex simply hinted at a correspondence as a means to such an end you would immediately condemn her as being forward, when that would be entirely foreign to her thoughts. Where is the wrong in becoming acquainted in that way, if the intervening distance is so great that none other is possible?—NETTIE.

A correspondent wishes to hear from someone who has had success with primroses. I will say I tried raising them last season for the first time, and was not only pleased but delighted with my success. I have been cultivating flowering plants for some years past, but never saw anything compare with the primrose for continued flowering and delicate beauty. Mine commenced blooming in October last and have been in bloom ever since, with very little more indications of the end than when they began.

I planted the seeds early in March, in a box of finely sifted soil and sand, with each seed in a small pasteboard box. They were covered with glass and kept moist, but not wet. After they were, say, two inches high, I took them out of the large box and put them separately in pots. I kept them indoors, and had no more trouble with them after potting them.—Mrs. W. F. ANDERSON, Sumner Hill, Ill.

"Oregon Housekeeper," I wish you were here so I might shake hands with you, for "them's my sentiments, too," that you expressed in the BLADE of March 8, about dancing. Now, don't imagine I am an "injured parent;" but on the contrary, I am a schoolmarm who tries to do her best, and I know no teacher can teach as she should after a night spent in a crowded ballroom. I have taught for nearly four years beginning when I was 15 years old, and find that teachers succeed better who do not dance; for after a night in such fatiguing exercise one can not help being sleepy, cross and careless.

I am pleased with the remarks on school work, but I wish somebody would say something about teaching grammar to beginners.

I agree with all your readers of my acquaintance, that the column on "Health and Beauty," alone is worth the price of the BLADE.

Are any of your members of the C. L. S. C.? I am enjoying the course of reading very much.

Now, dancers, don't be too hard on me as this is my first appearance in the HOUSEHOLD.—BERTIE VON GOLDEN, Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

Of course all will agree that everyone should do all that is possible to elevate the human race. There seems to be many opinions in the HOUSEHOLD about many things. Some people think that women should help earn their own living, or support themselves. Under some circumstances it is the duty of a woman to earn all she can where the husband is in poor health, or she has the children to take care of, and they are in poor circumstances. But if they have children a woman cannot neglect them and do right, unless compelled by poverty to do so. Girls don't be in haste to marry. If girls would wait till they are 21 or 22 years old, and then marry only sober, honest men, who are industrious, there would be less divorce suits.—JENNIE.

Some time ago someone of the HOUSEHOLD wanted to hear if there were any of the members of the home interested in music. I for one am, but as I do not know anything about it I would be pleased to receive any information whatever, as I live in the country and have no opportunity to receive instructions from a teacher. I agree with "Ethel" in thinking girls should try and improve their minds and to acquire those qualifications which are necessary to fit them for the emergencies of life.—SWEET WILLIAM.

Correspondence.

SOME WORDS OF ADVICE.—"Subscriber," I can sympathize with you, but I am afraid no physician can give you a recipe for the cure of the morphine habit. Lengthen the time between doses until you can go without it for two days, then stop. It will take perseverance, but if you are half a man you can stop. The writer sometimes cried before the time came to take it, but the only way to stop was to let it alone, and he finally succeeded.

"Dacota Girl," I read your letter and I pity you. You don't like to wash pots and skillets. What do you like to do? Do you like to work at all? "You will look to your future husband's purse as well as his honor." How big a purse will it take to buy you? How much are you worth to a man? There are not more than 400 people who know you by name, and yet you are for sale. Bah! Go to work, and don't think of marriage until you are fit to marry. Remember that two of our Presidents were refused the hands for which they asked because they were poor. They became rich, and probably the rich men whom the girls married lost their wealth.—SULIEMAN, Mohican, O.

A LITTLE CHAT.—"E. L.," a pretty way to use up worsted scraps is in a Palace quilt. Piece same as Log Cabin, with the addition of piecing across the corners, first the sides, then corners alternately.

"Viola," I am not "Frank," but will answer for this place. Good girls are in demand here, and can get good wages, especially for housework; command from $15 to $30 per month. As some one else writes, there are few good girls to be found here in the West, but do not think from this there are no good people.

"Nettie," there are quite a number of advocates of temperance in this place, that mean to accomplish something for the cause, but more are needed.

Have any of the readers ever seen or known anything about centipedes or tarantulas? Is there an antidote for their bite or sting? Several evenings since there was some kind of an insect creeping on my sleeve. It looks like the picture of a scorpion, only had no hair or fuzz on it. When touched would throw its stinger around so quick. What is it? All but one that have seen it have no name but scorpion. That one says it is a stinging lizard, but it does not look like lizards.

There is more I would like to write, but have taken up too much space already.—ANNIE, South Pueblo, Cal.

TEACHERS, ATTENTION.—Will a fellow-teacher please give me some advice? How am I to teach arithmetic, to make it interesting to my scholars? I have one scholar whose mother is particularly anxious for him to advance in arithmetic, but he does not appear to take any interest in it. He is just beginning in decimal fractions, and I do my best to interest him in it, but all to no purpose. Any suggestions on the subject would be thankfully received. Do you think it wise for boys of 9, 10 and 11 to study grammar? I have scholars from 4 to 14 years of age. Should I forbid whispering except on permission? I think the method of teaching spelling given a while ago a good one. I also think it wise to allow a word that is missed to pass till some one notices it, and if they spell it correctly let them go above those that did not notice it, and also go above the one that missed it, as a reward for attention. Of course this only applies to more advanced scholars. Now, if some one will reply soon they will greatly oblige.—QUEEN.

GOOD WORDS.—Will W. S. Frazier write again something of the same character of that published in the Toledo BLADE of April 26? He may rest assured that such thoughts are not "void of good" to many readers of the BLADE. O that we could see more of this tone in our papers. Of course we want a variety of subjects to suit the different tastes of readers, but I for one feel that we need something that comes to the soul—food of a spiritual nature, that which is calculated to encourage us to persist in well doing; which is not only good for others but a benefit to ourselves and fits us for the life to come.

Our dear Savior imposes upon us a life of active benevolence, and as Christians we are bound to do good, to love our neighbor, to promote peace, truth and happiness in the world. If we cannot remove trials we may help to lighten them. We need influences that will elevate our mind from the disquiet and impatience of earth, that which will stimulate us to the right, and save us from wrong, something of the unfading joys of heaven.

"Not gold, if you have it not, need you bestow,
But cheerful affection, Christ-like love, more rare,
Give those from your heart unto overflow,
And, when home, you will find them there."

—MRS. LYDIA S. CURTIS, San Antonio, Texas.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.—I want to make a plea for the little folks as they can not defend their own rights, but are helplessly under the control of the not-always-wise parent or guardian. I think the general manner of teaching children is wrong. Those having children under their care, as a general thing, treat them with so much contempt as to wound their self-respect and arouse their temper and all the passions that "flesh is heir to." I believe children usually are not inclined to be vicious until they are taught so by their superior (?), whom they imitate in all things if they are bright and intelligent. Patience, respect, kind and firm treatment are necessary in managing children. Do not speak to them in an angry or fretful tone of voice, as they are quick to detect it, and it will arouse the same feeling in them. If they have any spirit or self respect at all, they will always resent being spoken to like very inferior beings.

There are more children spoilt by being whipped and scolded than petted. I think they should never be whipped. They should be punished, but the best way I have found by observation, is to lock them up in a room alone and let them think it over until they will be glad to make peace and obtain their freedom again. Children can be compared to a pure and fertile soil in which all seeds take root and grow into a strong branch in their character in after years. We should be very careful what seeds we sow in their tender minds, for they are quick to take both good and bad. They must learn, for that is natural, and who can blame them for saying "I won't" and "I will," etc., when they have learned it from those who are wise enough to know how to talk better. It may look cute in small children, but it is very disagreeable in older ones. Keep your door yards clean and then do not worry about your innocent children. Children, like plants and animals do not thrive as well in the shade, but need plenty of light and air. Let them play out doors as much as they want to (and dress them comfortably.) If they do meet with slight accidents once in a while, it is better than lifeless, puny children grown so from too close confinement in the house. Do not let them study too hard, but they can scarcely have too much play, or, according to our editor's statement, there is no remedy like fun and amusement in building up the constitution, and children require all the strength they can obtain to fight their battles in future years.—DAISY.

FOR ALL.—The trouble into which F. H. P. has led some of her sisters is what has determined me to speak to-day. F. H. P., don't think that I am going to scold you for I am not. When I was at home it was not our custom to leave the washing for mama to do, so we tried to find the next easiest way to get out of hard work. Happening to find the method you use in an old recipe book, we gave it a trial and I must say that we found it far more effective than any washing machine I ever saw.

I wonder if any of the HOUSEHOLD like fish for pets? If so, I would like to hear from some of them through this department. I want to know something about how to take care of a small aquarium. How often should the water be changed and what will gold fish and our common minnows eat?

The last seven years of my life have been spent in the schoolroom as teacher, and I would like to say to "Humbug" that I think he is rightly named.

"Fledgling," I like your letter and I think you will agree with me that all those parents who know so much better how to teach than we do, ought to be made to teach for at least a week. That would be long enough to convince the most of them that it is not so very easy.—A. B. C.

"BOIL AND SAVE RUBBING!"—After reading "Peggy's" sad experience with the above subject, which she so graphically describes in last weeks HOUSEHOLD, we feel more impressed than ever that it is our bounden duty to give the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD our experience in regard to the matter. Like "Peggy" we read the directions given by a lady (whose name we have forgotten) to "boil and save rubbing!" And as we have always had a slight aversion to wearing our fingers down to the bone, we hailed the recipe as a boon to the creatures of the washtub, and resolved to give it a trial. Our faith in its accomplishing what was claimed for it, was not of the kind that would remove mountains, but we must acknowledge that we were agreeably surprised at the result. The clothes came out nice and clean, the little streaks that bothered "Peggy" so much, were disposed of in a few minutes, and the garments presented a creditable appearance when placed upon the line.

Emboldened by our success, we tried it again the next week, and to-day we have just done our sixth washing on the "boil and save rubbing" plan, and we must say that a whiter and nicer washing we have never yet had the pleasure of hanging out on the old "rub-a-dub-dub" method. It is possible, perhaps, that "Peggy's" sad failure was due to some minor details which he failed to notice. Perhaps the water was not quite boiling when she put the clothes in. In that case it would only scald the dirt, and all the rubbing she could do would only be like "love's labor lost."

Soap is very essential, and as "Peggy" fails to state whether she put any in the boiler or not, this might be another cause. Be sure that the water is boiling when you put the clothes in; have enough soap in the water to make a good strong suds; boil 20 minutes; rub the little streaks that remain a little; suds and rinse, and, if your experience is like ours, you will have a washing that you will feel proud of. We have recommended it to our neighbors, and they are all doing their washing this way. We wish to thank the lady who sent the recipe. Would be pleased to hear the experience of others.—MRS. H. W. PICKFORD, Monticello, Wis.

FROM TEXAS.—Why do not more persons from the South write to the BLADE? I am sure it would be interesting to some of its readers. The land in northwestern Texas is very fertile. Cotton and corn have been the chief products in the past, but a great many have planted small grain, and I think will be successful. Others are interested in the stock business and many cattle are raised here. The land is sandy and not like that of eastern and southern Texas, which is black and waxy. Improvements of all kinds are in fine progress. At present in this County (Wise) good, comfortable and substantial houses are being built instead of the huge log hut erected long ago as a "safety vault" from the red man. The dense forest that only a few years since knew or saw nothing save the wild beasts or Indians, is passed now in a moment by the iron horse, and we are made to wonder where their princely farms and pretty foliage will soon be laid.

I am glad to note such advancement towards educating the children of the South, for that is something that has been too much neglected in the past. Good school houses are being erected all over the State. Society in most parts of Northwest Texas is very good. Emigration brings in yearly a host of Northern persons of culture and refinement, and the natives seem to like them, for they are adopting Northern customs and fashions.

I saw an article not long ago in the BLADE on sewing. I wish to hear more on that subject. How do the sisters that have all their work to do, and the children to attend to, ever get time to sew? I have two children, and I am Bridget, housekeeper, and nurse, and never get a garment finished. When I commence one I almost give up some times, and then I think of the tired head and hands at work for me, and take heart again. But I must not burden you with my troubles.—BELLVA, Audubon, Wise County, TEXAS.

USEFUL HINTS.—Thanks to all the kind friends who have sent me patterns. The "South Kensington" is no longer a mystery. I knew it by another name.

If "C. L.," box 8, Guthrie Center, Ia., will try the "crazy" style of piecing for her quilt I think she will be pleased. Take the pieces of whatever shape and baste them upon a lining, diamond shape, square, hexagon or any thing else she may prefer, and cover the lapped edges with herring-bone stitch.

If "Grandmother" will try painting in oils on satin she will find it far preferable to water colors, as it is more durable and just as easy to do. She can make everything almost from decorated satin. Dainty fans, sashes, ribbons, toilet bottles, cushions, tidies, brush holders, and all kinds of small articles; besides this she can paint little flowers and butterflies on her scraps and make a sofa pillow in the crazy "style" that will be a "thing of beauty."

"Happy Wife" you deserve a premium for that letter of yours. It did me good to read it. Because girls do not know how to cook and keep house is no sign they never will know. I suppose housekeeping has no mysteries too deep to be fathomed. Why cannot a girl be taught how to cook in a series of lessons, just as well as she can be taught various abstruse sciences? Some people expect girls to know how to do dressmaking, cooking and general housework without learning how to do it; and at the same time keep them carefully away from even seeing it done. Trigonometry, chemistry and Latin are worthy a teacher, but that which will enable one to make a home comfortable and happy is to be learned through a series of experiments, unless one has a "faculty," "Happy Wife," of "getting the hang of things."

Have answered a great many letters lately, and hope the kind readers of the BLADE will refrain from giving me another deluge. —FANNIE T. BRADLEY.

THE HOPES OF LIFE.

The hopes of our life—could we gather them all
Ere our journey came to an end;
How many would sorrows and troubles recall;
How many would give forth a perfume of gall,
And betray the trust of a friend.

How many would whisper a vision of pain
As dark as the darkest of grief;
How many were void of the ripe, golden grain;
How many were seasoned with fancies so vain,
And but few brought rest and relief.

But the hopes as they came appeared bright and fair,
As those that now enter our breast;
Though some were high-tempered with grief and despair;
Though some ended only in sadness and care—
Some brought a sweet vision of rest!

LESTER LOGAN.

ANOTHER SIDE.—"Erema" has spoken (or written) her opinion of marrying poor men; now please give me the floor. I say rise upon the woman, or girl, who hasn't courage enough to marry any worthy man, even though he be poor. Very selfish indeed she must be who could wish a man to labor alone to accumulate property that she may sit down at her ease and enjoy it after it is fairly won. How proud her fond husband should be of the love which has sacrificed so much (?) for him! No, girls, if you know he is a good man, worthy of your love, marry him, help him fight the battles of life, and then with him share the victories. "Erema" also says "I, M. Practical's" visit at the widow and widower was a splendid one. It was, indeed. I do not doubt that it went straight to some aching heart, piercing it anew, adding one more straw to the heavy burden of sorrow. "Erema," may you never be a widow. There are many and various types of sorrow, but that of the widow must be deepest, darkest, bitterest of all. God is the widow's friend, and His word says "Bear ye one another's burden," but if we cannot do this, let us not thoughtlessly, though unintentionally, make that burden harder to bear. I admit that there are foolish widowers and widows, but there are also foolish ones who are neither. Let us not then judge all by one or two who have come under our observation.

I send some autograph quotations for those desiring them:

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a healer still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

Review of the days gone by:

Let us not waste our Spring of youth
In idle dalliance; but implant rich seeds
To blossom in our manhood, and bear fruit
When we are old.

Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

I send a list of wedding anniversaries for the benefit of any who wish it:

First year—Cotton wedding. Second year—Paper wedding. Third year—Iron wedding. Fifth year—Wooden wedding. Seventh year—Woolen wedding. Tenth year—Tin wedding. Twelfth year—Silk and fine linen wedding. Fifteenth year—Crystal wedding. Twentieth year—China wedding. Twenty-fifth year—Silver wedding. Thirtieth year—Pearl wedding. Fortieth year—Ruby wedding. Fiftieth year—Golden wedding. Seventy-fifth year—Diamond wedding.

I have a good recipe for canning corn, which I know to be good, as I canned six gallons last year, and not a grain spoiled. Will send it if any one desires.—E. L., Box 8, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

IN DISTRESS.—I beg that I may come in and lay my troubles before the HOUSEHOLD readers. What I want is advice.

I am a girl of 17, living a mile and a half out of Town on a beautiful farm, and oh! you ought to see our home, surrounded with everything to make one happy, but I am far from happy. There comes the great obstacle—that of a scolding father and mother. I work almost day and night and never get any thanks but scoldings and frowns, and am never allowed to see any company.

I will tell you the reason of this: Last Winter, a year ago, I went to a literary with my brother, and a young man I met walked home with me. I did not like the man, but mamma did, and she was determined that I should keep company with him. I told her I would have nothing to do with a drunkard (for such he was), and that made her angry, and she said I could never go with anyone again.

I hardly know what to do with myself, for they will let me do nothing I want to. As an instance, last week a dear friend of mine had a party, and I got a special invitation. Mamma said I could go, and all day I worked like a slave. In the evening she asked me if a certain young man was to be there, and I told her I didn't know (neither did I). She accused me of lying and ordered me to stay at home.

These Summer evenings I am so lonely I don't know what to do, and I am never allowed to take any walks, for they say I am going to meet some person. I never see any one but the hired men, and I am not allowed to talk to them. All day long, from morning to night, I hear nothing but scolding and fault finding.

Shall I do? I cannot bear the thought of leaving home and going out into the cold world alone as many of my friends advise, and it is very hard to be found fault with all the time.

Oh, when I read in the HOUSEHOLD of happy homes and loving parents how my heart aches, and I often wish I was dead. Will some reader please tell me how I can gain my parent's love and confidence and I will pray heaven to bless them!

I will watch the HOUSEHOLD for advice as if may be the means of saving the daughter of an unhappy home.—DISCOURAGED, Milledgeville, Pa.

Inquiries.

Will somebody please give cure for stammering?—MISS C. HARBIN, Olympia, W. T.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD send me a cure for white scaly spots on the face?—A. L. P., Chrisman, Ills., Lock Box 31.

Can anyone tell me a cure for dyspepsia. I can give a sure and easy cure for diarrhea if anyone wishes.

Will someone living in Southern Iowa or Northern Missouri please let us know something of land prices, soil, etc., and whether it is healthy for a person with weak lungs? —OLIVE.

Will some one please tell me the character or qualities of the band?—READER.

Who will tell me something nice to put over window-shades for a parlor in a country farm house? Don't say cheese-cloth trimmed with cretonne.—MRS. V. C.

Will "Mrs. W.," Lakeville, Ct., tell me what is the trouble with her panel lace pattern? When I come to the edge I have only six stitches on the needle, and it requires eight to knit it. I have tried it over and over, and it comes out the same every time. —WALNUT GROVE.

Will someone send a cure for the asthma to the HOUSEHOLD?—MRS. V. C.

Will someone tell me what is the matter with my birds? They mate, but their eggs won't hatch. They are perfectly healthy, and are free from the red mites. The female has set three times and only one egg hatched out. Three of my sister's birds have died. They seem lively until they drop dead in the cage, always lying on their back.—NETTIE.

Will someone tell how to color Turkey red in cotton?—MRS. MARY YOUNG, Bremen, O.

Would someone tell me how to cook salsify or vegetable oysters and egg plant? And the sister that gave the rule for a knitted shawl (in the BLADE of May 10,) tell how many stitches she us s for a medium sized shawl, and what kind of needles, bone or steel? I would like to know how to knit the fringe she kindly offers to send.—MARY.

Will someone that takes care of canaries inform me why so many of my little ones die. They live three or four days, seem to be growing finely and then die. The old birds are healthy and not related. I feed them with boiled eggs mixed with bread, and milk with a little mustard seed. I have seed and something green, such as turnip tops, horse-radish and dandelion leaves in the cage for the old ones all the time.—H. N. WILKINS, Lake City, Ia.

Can anyone tell me what will drive away the big black ants?—BUTTERMILK.

Does anyone know a cure or something good for catarrh?—N. C.

Will some one tell me how to broil a steak with a coal stove?—L.

Can any one tell me where to get the "Mole Tree" seed, and also the "House Leek," or, as it is sometimes called, "Hen and Chickens?"—MRS. J. F. BOYLES, Monroe, Lincoln Co., Kan.

Can somebody tell me what will remove moth from the face? I first noticed it about two months ago, but it is spreading rapidly. —E. W.

Will the lady who has directions for making hair watch-guards give us the direction? —Box 115, East Lynne, Mo.

Has anyone in Southern Kansas succeeded in raising celery, and if so, how? Can it be raised in open ground without transplanting?

Will somebody publish a tried recipe for cocoanut layer cake, so delicious it will almost or quite melt in one's mouth?—LA REINE MIGNON.

Will "Mrs. W." Lakeville, Ct., please tell us about the panel lace? I don't know what to do with beginning and ending stitches on every row; cannot make it come out even. What is B edge and E edge?—LACE LOVER.

Will someone tell how to treat a sick canary bird? He sits quietly in the cage all day and eats very little. He has scarcely any feathers on his head, and the skin is very red. I keep the cage clean and feed him regularly.—A. W. B.

Will someone tell me a pretty way to make a card receiver and an aircastle, and also a good way to fix lettuces.—IVA.

Will somebody please tell me whether salicylic acid is injurious to the stomach or not?—LOCUST BLOSSOM.

Will someone please send some names of games or tricks for evening amusement?—KATIE.

Will "Anna Mc.," who gives directions for "None Such Quilt," make it a little plainer? Are the edges of pieces left raw, or is each one to be turned in and stitched around with the machine, or do they lap over one another?—AN INQUIRER.

What makes my canary bird keep picking his toes, and what will break him of it? He will put his toe between his bill and pull it, bite sweet apple time, chirp a little, and then do it again. He is one year old and healthy.—MRS. A. L. GALE, Redwood Falls, Minn.

Will "Ina B. Pollock" please inform me if explanations inserted below panel insertion, in the BLADE of April 19, are for the same? If so, I do not understand from 8th to 14th rows—P 12, k 12, as pattern directs. —EMMA.

I am learning dressmaking, and I cut by model. Can any of the readers tell me what fashion-plate is the best?—A WIDOW.

Will someone give an immediate cure for a wasp sting?

Can anyone tell me who is the author of "Peck's Bad Boy?"

Can anyone tell me where I can get patterns for a horse and pig?

Will someone tell me how to kill out Bermuda grass?—MRS. MOLLIE JOHNSON, Audubon, Tex.

Will "More Anon" and "Viola" please send their address?—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

I saw some one wanted a method for framing small pictures. I take silver gloss cardboard and cut it any desired shape and stitch it with red clouded zephyr in leaf or vine pattern.—MRS. H. HAYES, Volga City, Clayton County, Iowa.

Will say to those wishing information in regard to "Magic Scale," that they are all that can be wished for. I have used one over a year and would not do without it. Scale and instruction book $3.

I want to tell the sisters how I made a mop to grease my bread and cake pans. I took a small pine stick as long as a knife blade, made it round, and wound a soft piece of cloth around and around the end. It is good to cut the cloth as you would the edge of anything you wish to fringe, and you can grease the tins a great deal quicker. My girl likes it for she is afraid of greasing her fingers.

I will tell the sisters how I wash my red table linen so it won't fade. Wash in two suds, be sure to have soft water, for cleansed water is injurious to colored goods, and don't rinse at all and hang in the shade to dry. Instead of ironing I fold the articles nice and smooth and put under a small board and leave 24 hours. I think you will be pleased with the result.—BLUE BELLE.

I am thankful to "Mrs. J. H. P. Eskridge" for the washing recipe. I could not get the salsoda and I used concentrated lye instead, and followed the directions given. My clothes are as white as can be. I consider that one recipe worth twice what the paper costs a year.—A POULTRY RAISER.

My plant has geranium slips in July. The Summer double geraniums are the best for Winter bloomers. What buds should appear sooner than wanted pinch them off.—GREEN HOUSE.

If you want pretty quilt patterns easy for a child to piece, the one "Road to California and Back," is good. If you want a pattern for all odd bits the "Hit and Miss" pattern I think will fill the bill.—MRS. F. A. WARNER, South Saginaw, Mich.

Here are some verses for autograph albums:

Only believe that thy Father
Is guiding thy lonely way,
Guiding thee out of the darkness
To the light of eternal day.
Only believe though in darkness
The sun is still shining above
And the cup of bitterest sorrow
Is mixed with drops of love.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

—LOU BOWERS, Chatfield, Minn., Box 279.

Answer for "Tired Mother." A cure for Scald Head—Take two-thirds of a cupful of pine tar, a piece of mutton tallow the size of a hen's egg, and one teaspoonful of turpentine. Warm them all together till well mixed and spread thinly on a cloth. Apply to the sore, changing night and morning and washing each time with warm water and castile soap. Put a cap on the child to keep the plaster to its place and continue to use the plaster till the sore quits running, which it generally does in a week or 10 days. It will leave your child bald but hair will come in again as nice as ever. —MARY A. MCELFRESH, Carrollton, Mo.

The following is Dr. G.'s remedy for scald head: Apply a little sulphur, in the form of ointment, at the same time keeping the bowels open by some laxative medicine, such as magnesia or castor oil, and then apply the ointment to but a small portion of the eruption at a time, so as to heal it gradually.

"B. C. H.," those "silver colored insects" that are eating the paper from your walls are moths. When you take up your carpet scald the floor, and when you lay it down put the soft limbs of cedar under it near the wall and under the heavy furniture that is not moved often, and destroy all the millers that come into your house. Many people sun their furs and woolens to keep out moths (not knowing that the millers improve that opportunity to deposit their eggs) and then lay them away to find them moth-eaten. All such articles should be put in dark drawers or boxes that are not left open.

"Mrs. D. S. Snow," wash your rice and put plenty of water on it, and do not stir it, and you will have no trouble washing the vessel you cook it in.

One word in favor of boiling clothes. Several years ago I paid $1 for the recipe that "Subscriber" contributed to the BLADE May 10, and would not be without it for $10. I take good soft soap and prepare enough at once to last me a year.—LADY JANE.

Tell "Emma Rackliff" to take lard and rub it on a pewter plate until it is the color of the plate. It will cure big neck.—BUTTERMILK.

Recipes.

Corn Pone Bread.—Sift and salt your meal thin, pour in boiling water till one-fourth of the meal is wet; then make up with cold water. It must be thoroughly wet, but stiff enough to make into pone with your hands, or laid in the hot greased pan with a spoon, then smoothed over by dipping the spoon in cold water and touching gently. Bake in a hot oven. If the bread cracks on top your fire is too slow. The more boiling water you pour in the softer your bread is when baked. It will brown nicely.

Hash Meat.—Trim a cold roast or stewed beef bone by cutting the meat in bits as large as your thumb, and chop onions in with the meat. Cover half over with water or dippings from the cold dish, use plenty of black pepper and thicken the gravy with a little flour. Cook till the onions are tender.—ANTOINETTE.

Feather Cake.—I send a recipe for "Feather Cake" to "Little Bridget," and if she will go by directions it cannot

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, yield of crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Sweet Potato Culture.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Perhaps a few lines upon sweet potato culture, by way of variety, might be interesting to some of the readers of this department. If so, I am ready to offer a few hints gathered from my own experience, in the hope that they may benefit some who are inexperienced or ignorant as to the best mode of culture. The sweet potato is a luxury that every farmer can by a little effort enjoy, as there is scarcely any latitude in the United States so cold or so hot but that they will easily mature in all ordinary seasons, and with proper management be made if profitable crop.

Pages might be written upon the merits and demerits of the different varieties, but after all is said, we would have to settle down upon the Nansemond, or Jersey, as being the yam best adapted to all climates and possessing more good qualities than any other. Early Golden is a choice early variety, but smaller, consequently not so profitable to raise. Southern Queen and Bermuda come next in quality for eating, and are usually very prolific and adapted to almost any kind of soil. I have raised the latter that weighed five pounds. A great many people make a mistake by selecting the richest spot they can find for their sweet potato patch, and perhaps manuring it heavily besides, and the result is rank, vigorous growth of vines and vines, and seldom even a half crop of potatos. I would say: select a thin piece of ground—sand or gravel is best—slow dryp, and throw up the ridges about four feet apart. When ready to plant, level down the ridges with a hoe to 10 or 12 inches wide on top, and set plants 14 inches apart, and cloth-say at least two-thirds or more under ground, so that in case any are cut off by worms they will grow out again. If the ground is not quite moist pour a little water around each plant, and afterward draw some dry ground around them to keep them from baking. If the sun shines hot, keep them shaded for a day or two. I use dock or plantain leaves for this purpose. Keep weeds and grass down by frequent hoeing, and the vines from taking root between rows by occasionally raising them up and throwing around and over the rows.

If the above directions are observed a good crop may be expected, unless the season is very unfavorable indeed. I should have said always get plants that have been raised without the use of glass, if possible, as they are much hardier and surer to grow when transplanted. I raise a great many plants very early, and have used no glass or hot-beds for years—simply boards, unless the weather is cold, when I add some warm covering, such as old carpet or blankets. For early use, transplant from 1st to the middle of May, and for the main crop not later than the 10th or 15th of June, and, if possible, get them out by the last of May, to insure against damage by early frosts in Fall.

I Wish some man of experience would give us something on water melon culture; also, how to guard against the small striped bugs that are so destructive to the vines.—T. G. BROSIUS, Tiffin, O.

Taken to Task.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I received your much-prized paper this evening, and in glancing over the Farm Department I saw a communication from "L. E. F.," Dwight, Ill.; that shocked me very much. I think that man's disposition is easily read. Any body that would split a poor brute's tongue two inches is not worthy of his upright form, but ought to "go on all-fours," like the beast he mangled, and have his tongue split ere it gave vent to such cruel words.

I have heard of men dancing and cutting and trimming horses and cattle, under the delusion that they were going to cure them of some fancied disease, but never before have been shocked by such heartless ness.

M. E. H.

Algona, Iowa.

Information Wanted.

Can anyone tell me how to break a horse of the habit of cribbing or stump-sucking, as it is sometimes called?—A BLADE READER.

What is the matter with my sheep? They swell down under the jaws, eat hearty enough it seems, but they continue to grow worse till they die. None of my lambs have been affected but lambs and yearlings. They are in good order when taken. Tell me what is the matter with them and what will cure them?—A SUBSCRIBER, Logootee, Ind.

Something in Regard to Fertilizers.

Different soils and different crops require very much different treatment and different elements of plant food. A judicious cultivation of the soil adds to its producing capacity. The elements of plant growth contained in soils are unlocked and made available to some extent by proper working of the soil. It was formerly believed that if we could supply to all the constituents of plant growth to the soil before plants could be produced. That if we wished to raise wheat we must add the constituents of wheat. If we wished to raise potatos add the constituents of potatos. This is not now considered absolutely necessary. If we use a fertilizer rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, with judicious rotation of crops, we may not only raise good crops immediately, but bring the land up to a higher state of productiveness every year.

On some soils we could safely leave out the potash, enough being yielded annually by decomposing particles of soil—unlocking the sand grains, as it were, to get their treasures. On some soils nitrogen perhaps would not be called for at first, and on others, rarer still, phosphoric acid might for a time be found sufficient in the soil.

Several crops are specially benefited by nitrogen and nitrogenous manures. Usually clovers and peas are specially benefited by nitrogen and nitrogenous manures. Usually from 40 to 50 pounds per acre are required for full crops or largest crops. Clover is the best medium to use in charging soils with nitrogen. It is a nitrogen trap that is easily set and sure to catch. Clover may be specially fertilized with plaster. Potash is of little value in cereal growing, and phosphoric acid not greatly called-for. In connection with nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash are both useful in small quantities.

For Indian corn phosphoric acid is perhaps the best fertilizing element. Land plaster often does good service. On some soils potash also proves valuable.

Grass requires all the elements of plant food. Well rotted manure is perhaps the special manure for it. Bone-dust comes next. Either of these can be used at seeding, or afterwards as top dressing. Clover requires nitrogen and phosphoric acid in small quantities. Potash and lime are its most valuable manures. Turnips require nitrogen and phosphoric acid, the latter in soluble form. Superphosphates are specials for the turnip crop. Mangels want more nitrogen and less phosphoric acid than turnips. Potatos are similar to turnips in their likes, and on land soils they require a supply of potash furnished. There is usually potash enough in our common barnyard manure for potatos.

One hundred pounds of good bone, 35 pounds sulphuric acid and 13 pounds of water, mixed in a wooden vat or tub, will make 148 pounds superphosphate dry. In mixing, however, much more water will possibly be found necessary to properly mix the mass, and when properly mixed, if, after standing 24 hours, it is too moist, it may be dried up by adding ground plaster or other material. The bone dust should be wet with the water first, then the acid added, a little at a time; by so doing the vessel in which the mixture is made is less acted upon, and the incorporation with and action upon the bone is better. Stir with a wooden hoe or mixer. Never attempt to reduce whole bones with the sulphuric acid. The advantage of reducing bones or rock phosphate with sulphuric acid is to render the solubility in water the greater when applied to the soils. Lining soils really adds no plant food to the soil, but has a tendency to develop it in the soil by the caustic, dissolving, breaking down effect that the action of the lime has upon the particles of the soil, unlocking them, making them give up their food to the crops as plant food. It not only sets upon the mineral constituents in the soil, but upon the vegetable constituent parts.—*Rural Home Journal.*

Best Way to Make Butter.

There is no special mode of making butter which is better under all circumstances than every other. What is best for one may not be best for another. The method pursued by an inquiring friend who lowers his milk in deep and narrow vessels into water rather cold, will, with a temperature of 58° for 36 hours, may be, and probably is, best for him with a small dairy, since he makes an article that brings four or five cents a pound above other dairy butter in his neighborhood, but such a practice could not be followed in a large creamery with any convenience or profit; besides, everybody cannot provide himself with such a well.

The very finest butter is made by *setting shallow* in a pure and only moderately cool air, yet this method is not best for general use, because it calls for too much room, too much labor, and too much time and expense, to be acceptable or profitable for those who have much milk to handle. Though the butter might be very choice, it would be too expensive to compete with butter nearly as good, but made with one-quarter of the labor and expense and in half the time.

The Elgin Creamery buys the milk of 800 to 1,000 cows from large dairies near the city. The best mode in such a case is to set the milk in large vats, and cool vigorously with iced water to hurry the separation of the cream and do it with the least expense, but in new and sparsely settled localities it is better to cream the milk at the farm in small vessels, with only such refrigeration as the farm affords, and to send only cream to the factory.

Though sudden changes in milk, cream or butter are not conducive to the highest quality or longest keeping, yet rapid refrigeration, as a rule, brings the best practical results, because it makes a more perfect separation of cream than slow cooling, and saves time and expense in working, and thus reduces cost.

For those who relish the peculiarly fresh acid taste of a little buttermilk in their new butter, unwashed butter will be preferred while it is new. As soon, however, as the buttermilk which adheres to it has had time to change—which it will do in about 48 hours in warm weather—its fresh taste disappears and it begins at first to be stale, then strong, and finally rancid and decidedly objectionable. If the working is so thorough as to practically remove all of the buttermilk, the increased amount of violence breaks the grain of the butter, and this is about as bad as buttermilk to injure its keeping, so that worked butter is short-lived according to the amount of working done to it, or the quantity of buttermilk left in it.

Butter which is *well washed* in good water, especially when it is gathered in pellets or granules instead of in a mass, has no taste of buttermilk, and for this reason those who prefer that flavor do not admire it so much as unwashed butter. Nine out of every 10 persons, however, prefer the pure, distinct and full flavor of butter unadulterated with buttermilk or disguised with excessive salt, and this flavor is only obtained by washing every particle of buttermilk from it and avoiding the working which must follow when waxing is omitted.—*L. B. Arnold in New York Tribune.*

How to Raise Early Celery.

Rev. Aug. D. Mylius, of Detroit, Mich., says:

"I sow my seed in hot bed on March 1. The bed must be in good condition that the seed may germinate quickly; for celery seed takes 30 days, generally, in open ground to germinate. Seed must not be sown too thickly, as the plants should be stocky. I have tried to germinate the seeds by keeping them moist and warm before the 1st of March, but I found the above date safest, for, if sown earlier, there is danger of the celery running to seed. About the 15th to the 20th of May, if the ground is in order, and weather suits, plant out in ditches six inches deep, on the richest spot you have. The only thing wanted to grow celery successfully is plenty of cow or hog manure, and moist land. The soil must be good down to at least 12 inches. About the 1st of July we commence to bank up, slowly, if dry; if moist, draw up as high as you can; if not, you are wasting time. Frosts are of no use to take in part, but if the soil is too dry to stick if drawn up to the plants, I use foot-board 16 feet long, pressed on each side against the celery, and sticks driven in to keep in place. This mode bleaches the celery best, but if soil be used the stocks or heads are a great deal heavier. I have kept celery in the following way, and kept it till Spring: Fitted in hot-bed the same as if pitted in the old fashion. After bed is filled the sash is put on, given air once or twice a week; if so cold that boards are not sufficient, straw or mats can be put on. Looked after in this way it can be kept till Spring."

Strawberries—When to Plant.

The above question is often asked, and its answer must depend upon circumstances. One fact about the strawberry plant should be known, and this will enable each one to decide for himself. The plants that are sent out by nurserymen are those that were formed last year by the runners from old plants taking root in the soil of the bed. If these are taken in the usual way and planted in a new bed—as they should be after the lapse of several days—they require a whole season to get established and become sufficiently strong to bear a crop. If these plants are set this Spring they will bear a crop next Spring; if such plants are set next Autumn, they will require all of next season to grow in, and while they may produce here and there a few berries, they will give no real crop until the following year. Growers of fruit for market set a share of their plants in the Fall, because then they have leisure and the ground is in excellent condition. If the plants are made to strike root in pots, these in early Autumn may be planted in beds without any disturbance of their roots, and will give a fair crop next Spring. Such plants are more expensive than others, and if a crop of fruit is wanted next Spring, it is better to set out the plants now. Making the rows two feet apart, and setting the plants one foot apart in the row, as a general rule is best.

Caring for a Horse Harness.

The average harness in the rural districts is poorly cared for and short-lived. Not infrequently it is hung in the horse stable exposed to the ammonia generated from a pile of fermenting manure. The stable may be furnished at odd spells with bedding or absorbents of some kind, but these are not promptly renewed, and there is great waste of the most valuable constituent of manure. The harness has the benefit of the ammonia, and the effect is about the same as washing it with lye. The harness rots, cracks, and without frequent oiling comes to grief at an early date. The safer way is to have a place for the harness in the carriage house, or some building outside the stable. If the stable alone is available it should be kept free from the smell of ammonia by the constant use of absorbents, sawdust, sods, road dust, straw or refuse hay. A harness properly cared for and kept clean and pliable will last twice as long as one that is neglected. It is much cheapor to spend 10 cents for neat's-foot oil, once in three months, than 50 cents for mending at the harness-maker's.

Economizing Sugar.

Prof. Kedzie gives the following valuable information: "Cane sugar is two and one-half times as sweet as grape sugar, closely allied to it, and differs so little from it that many persons cannot distinguish it. By cooking the cane sugar may be changed to grape sugar, and thus lose its sweetening power. Some women put the sugar in with a mass of acid fruit, to be cooked, and they keep cooking and adding sugar, while it keeps on growing sourer, until at last they use two and one-half times as much as they need to secure the desired result. The cane sugar has been changed to grape sugar. Now, if the sugar had been added after the fruit was cooked, much less would have been required, and the result would have been much more satisfactory."

Incendiary Fires at Minneapolis.

ST. PAUL, May 29.—There were several fires in Minneapolis last night, believed to have been the work of incendiaries. The fires occurred just before midnight, burning a frame building belonging to Louis Demsing. Loss to owners and tenants, $12,000. A fire broke out in the lumber yard and planing mills of Wheaton, Reynolds & Co., and shingle yard of Merriam, Burrows & Co. The property of the former firm was consumed, including shops and 250,000 feet of lumber, valued at $50,000.

Merriam, Burrows & Co.'s loss, $35,000. The warehouse of Averill, Russell & Carpenter was filled with paper stock, which was also burned; loss, $8,000. Total loss on all fires, $75,000. Several firemen narrowly escaped. All the fires are believed to have been the work of incendiaries. Several men were arrested under suspicion this morning, some of whom were concerned in the Manitoba Air Line strike yesterday morning.

Rich Mineral Lands.

ST. PAUL, May 29.—J. S. Dickerson, a prominent resident of Bozeman, says the cession of the Crow reservation west of Boulder river in Montana not only opens up a large and magnificent area of grazing and agricultural lands but will lead to the unlocking of some of the richest treasure-houses of mineral in that great territory. New locations in the quartz mines of the Clark's forks district are now being made daily. Money is being invested in the rich placers at Emigrant, Bear, and Crevice gulches, on the Upper Yellowstone, and quartz locations are also being made around Emigrant's peak. From Six Mile to Mill Creek the whole district is being staked off and fillings made. Survey lines may now be run from township lines across on the surveyed side of the Yellowstone so that claims may be patented. Milling machinery of the most improved pattern has been ordered for the Clark's fork district, so that the most rebellious ores may soon be reduced. Maj. Eaton is now East giving orders for quartz crushers, which will obviate the necessity of sending ores out of the territory for reduction.

Advance Step in Dentistry.

HAVANA, CUBA—The most popular dentist of this City, Dr. D. Francisco Garcia, member of the Royal University, states that in all cases of troublesome neuriga, arising from the teeth, his patrons are recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have followed. It is a specific for toothache, earache, bodily pains, and proof against household accidents.

RELIGIOUS BODIES.

The Presbyterian General Assembly and the Prohibition Question—Reformed Presbyterian Synod.

SARATOGA, May 29.—In the Presbyterian General Assembly to-day the Temperance Committee reported. A short debate followed, after which amendments were offered by Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson and carried, declaring against prohibition as a distinctive measure, but hailing with joy and thanksgiving the efforts to check intemperance, and the sale of intoxicating beverages by the power of Christian conscience, public opinion and the strong arm of the law—that it is not expedient to employ a secretary for a temperance committee, nor to add the matter of Sabbath observance to the work of that committee. The vote of the Assembly was over two-thirds favorable to Johnson's amendment.

The same gentleman offered a resolution to the effect that the General Assembly unite with the Episcopal General Conference and the Methodist General Conference asking the United States Government to preserve faith with the Indians, grant them lands in severalty, prohibit intrusions upon Indian territory and reservations, and that the matter be presented to Pres. Arthur and the Secretary of the Interior by the Special Committee on the Civil Government of Alaska. Adopted.

Howard Crosby said he presented a similar petition in a former committee, and had been snubbed twice by officials, and had no desire to again present it.

Moved that he be excused from the committee and Johnson appointed. Agreed to.

PITTSBURG, May 29.—The Reformed Presbyterian Synod resumed its session this morning. Rev. R. C. Wylie, Chairman of the Committee on Traveling Fund, reported, showing the amount of the fund to be $1,300, and expenses of members of the Synod $3,485. The report was adopted.

Rev. David McCallister, of New York, presented the report of the Sabbath Committee. The report was lengthy and in brief was as follows:

First—The precise nature of Sabbath violation, which is as much a sin as disregard of the truth.

Second—Church members and officers violating the Sabbath deserve severe rebuke; attendance upon so-called "sacred concerts," and holding stock in Sabbath-breaking corporations were deserving of severe condemnation.

Third—There is pressing call for Sabbath legislation by the State being put on proper basis, not the basis of expediency but on the inimitable basis of God's law.

Fourth—Ministers are recommended to preach twice on the Sabbath question before the Synod, once on Sabbath sanctification and once on the relation of the State to the Sabbath.

The report provoked considerable discussion in the course of which one of the delegates stated that a week ago last Sabbath the Sunday New York Tribune was sent by pony express from Schenectady to Saratoga, and that members of the General Assembly Presbyteaian Church there in session bought and read the papers, even those who in the Assembly favored a more strict observance of Sabbath buying papers. Their action was condemned, and the report adopted. The balance of the session was taken up with routine work.

PITTSBURG, May 31.—When the United Presbyterian Assembly reconvened, the report of the Finance Committee was considered. After some discussion as to the distribution of the quarter centennial fund, the Committee's schedule of undesignated quarter centennial was adopted. It provides for distribution as follows: Foreign missions, 20 per cent.; home missions, 5 per cent.; church extensions, 14; freedmen's mission, 4; ministerial relief, 3; Allegheny Seminary, 9; Aconia Seminary, 9; Monmouth College, 12; Westminster College, 12; Muskingum College, 8; Knoxville College, 3.

The appointment of a Committee was then agreed to, to consider and report to the next Assembly what amendment, if any, is needed in the law of overtures.

Reports of Committees on Freedman's Missions, on Statistics and Church Extension were then considered and approved. The General Committee of Home Missions was directed to meet at Morissa, Ill., on June 3.

Returning the usual thanks, the Moderator declared the Assembly dissolved, and directed that next assemble at St. Louis on the fourth Wednesday in May, 1884.

HERR MOST.

A Revolutionary Speech in Chicago—The Ballot Box Must Give Way to the Cartridge Box.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Nearly 500 persons assembled last evening to listen to a revolutionary speech delivered by Herr Johan Most. He was introduced amid applause. He began by telling that he had been called a "greenhorn" by the Americans as he put forward his opinions regarding the social and political institutions of this country. The difference between America and Europe wasn't so great, after all. The sole difference he saw was this: In Europe the monarchs and courts, in league with capitalists, feed upon the results of the mechanics' labor, while here the capitalists absorb it all themselves. The industrial tendency of America produces the same effect as in Europe; that is to say, the number of men out of work is on the increase, while the amount of national wealth is increasing also, but the workers in general are none the richer. And now to draw a parallel between the factory regulations of America and those of the old country. There is no comparison between the two. To find regulations of the above description one must go to the penitentiaries of Europe. As for the method of production, it is here just as wild as about 1830, when periodical panics and industrial crises occur frequently, and they place the workingman penniless on the sidewalk. The only point where, apparently, difference existed was in regard to political liberties, but the capitalistic press exercises a power which makes the liberties illusory. The speaker was very much disgusted with American journalism in general, and told how ill-treated he had been, denouncing the press as lying and cowardly. Considering the police and similar authorities, he finds them more cruel than anywhere else. The prisons and poor houses of the United States are managed in the most heartless manner, and looking on the politicians of America he declared them prostituted and being almost willing to join the international alliance for the extradition of socialistic agitators. Landlordism is a feature that exists as well here as in Ireland, and he indicated that the farm laborers must be agitated to grapple with the landlordism still more radical than in the Green isle. To rely upon remedies by the use of the vote he considered foolish, as the ballot-box is there only to deluce the people, and it will surely be done away with the very moment all workers organize themselves into a socialistic party. Instead of the ballot-box he recommended that every man procure a cartridge-box and a good gun, to be kept ready for a favorable occasion.

Physicians' sanction has been accorded to that standard disinfectant, Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair Dye," black or brown, 50 cts.

A Young Lady Murdered and Her Body Thrown in the River.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—On the afternoon of the 17th of April Miss Anna Bauerlein, aged 25 years, daughter of John Bauerlein, a wealthy German of this City, mysteriously disappeared from her home. Diligent search by detectives was unsuccessful. No clue was obtained until to-day, when a dispatch from Boonville, 150 miles below here, on the Missouri River, announced that a body had been found in the river there by fishermen, and identified as that of Miss Baneslein. The body had evidently been in the water some time, and examination revealed a bullet wound in the back, the ball having traversed the lumbar region and emerged near the groin. No other marks of violence appeared, and the jewelry on the person was undisturbed. The fact of murder is established almost beyond doubt, but the circumstances surrounding it remain a complete mystery.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula, should be treated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Confederate Flag.

NEW ORLEANS, May 29.—At the annual reunion of the Washington artillery, Gen. Beauregard presented the artillery with a Confederate battle-flag, being one of the three original flags made in Baltimore and presented to Gens. Beauregard, Joe Johnston and Ewell respectively. These flags were designed and made by young ladies of Baltimore, and the design was accepted and became the battle-flag or standard of the Confederate forces during the last years of the war. This particular flag was in New Orleans when it was captured. It was smuggled aboard a French vessel, and taken to Havre, where it remained to within a few days ago, when Gen. Beauregard brought it here for the presentation. Speeches were made over it by Col. Walton Roman and a large number of other ex-Confederates.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE In Kidney and Liver Troubles.

Dr. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

Solicitors of Patents.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PETER'S PENCE.

The Boycotting Scheme Not a Success in Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, May 28.—Collections were taken up at all masses in the Catholic churches of Brooklyn and outlying towns yesterday for the Pope. Exact returns are not usually obtainable until several days after the collections. The Rev. Father Keegan, the Vice Chancellor of the Brooklyn Diocese and pastor of the Church of the Assumption, in Jay and York streets, said to his congregation at the early morning mass that he desired the collection for the Pope should be something to boast of. At the high mass he expressed a similar wish. In the evening he found that the collection was $150, a little over a third more than it was last year. He said to a reporter last evening:

"I had it on my mind several times to make a special effort to make the Pope's collection a notable one this year, on account of the criticisms over this imaginary Irish letter. I call it imaginary because I have not seen it. Neither have you. I did not, however, make any effort, for it escaped me until last night. Had I stirred up the parishes I believe there would be $6,000 more collected than there has been.

The collections in the Cathedral were said to be a little larger than usual.

At the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Williamsburg, Father Malone announced at all services the collection for the Pope, dwelling on the necessity that all Catholics should stand by him now. In the afternoon he found that the collection was one-third less than it was last year, or about $75. He said to a reporter that he had heard loud complaints against the Pope's letter, and he was of opinion that the collection had fallen off on that account. He noticed that there were less people in attendance at the masses than is usual. This he attributed to a desire on the part of his parishoners not to pay into the fund for the Pope.

"I have been told all along," said Father Malone, "by people that the Pope had no business to meddle with the Irish in the way he did. Their greatest source of complaint was, however, the last paragraph in the letter about Parnell. Any one who speaks the truth will say that the Pope's collection was hurt by this letter."

Father Hartnett, of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in Willoughby and Lewis avenues, said his collection was a little more than it was last year, though his parish has been divided.

A WARLIKE WIDOW.

She Knocks a Man Senseless With the Butt End of a Whip, and Her Dogs Lacerate an Officer's Legs.

Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., May 30.—Sarah C. Bass is the name of a wealthy widow who lives about four miles West of this City, between whom and the Trustees of the Wray Church, which adjoins her farm, there has long been trouble over the question of the division line between them; the trustees claiming eight feet of ground all around the building, while Mrs. Bass claimed that the church was partly on her ground, and set her fence so as to take in part of the building, poking some of the rails through the windows. The other day the trustees employed a surveyor to locate the lines, and this morning a portion of them, one being John E. Montgomery, went to work building a plank fence on the line established by the survey. Mrs. Bass saw them at work from her house, and soon made her appearance on the scene, armed with a buggy whip, the butt end of which was heavily loaded. She was accompanied by David Smith, a relative of hers, who was armed with an ax. On coming up, she ordered the men to get off her ground, to which they paid no attention, continuing their work.

Finding they were determined to put up the fence, she became terribly enraged, and running up to Montgomery, who, at the time, was in a stooping posture, engaged in nailing on a board, she struck him a terrible blow over the head with the loaded end of the whip, stretching him senseless at her feet, and inflicting injuries which are of a very grave nature. Smith kept any one from interfering by threatening them with a raised ax, and he and Mrs. Bass were left in possession of the field. Affidavits were filed against both of them an hour after, and warrants for their arrest were issued and placed in the hands of Officer Thrall, who went out about 10 o'clock this morning after them.

On arriving at the house he made known his business, when Mrs. Bass started out the back door on a run. Thrall pursued her, and seeing that she was about to be caught she called up two large dogs belonging to her and set them on the officer, one taking hold of each leg and biting him terribly. He finally succeeded in getting his revolver out, but as he fired at one of the savage brutes Mrs. Bass struck up his arm and spoiled his aim. The report, however, scared the dogs so that they let go their hold, and the officer finally returned, as "weak as a cat" from fright, pain and loss of blood, but with both his prisoners. Smith was fined $12.50, and the case against Mrs. Bass was continued to another time, a physician's certificate being filed, which set forth that Montgomery's injuries were of such a nature that he was unable to appear and testify against her. She gave bond for appearance, and was allowed to depart.

Strike of Boom Men.

EAST SAGINAW, May 31.—Yesterday afternoon the men employed by the Tittabawassee Boom Company quit work and to the number of about 350 men marched down to the boom company's office, where they demanded an advance of $5 a month. They were told they should have an answer at 8 o'clock this morning, when all parties of them gathered at the office. They were told that the company would not accede to their terms, and would pay them off. The company were paying $2 a month more than they paid last Spring. The wages are $36 and $30 a month and board, and the men want $5 a month more. Rafting is at a standstill. The company are satisfied they can hire all the men needed at the rate they have been paying, and they cannot afford to pay more. It is not likely the strike will last long.

The Temperance Question in New Hampshire.

CONCORD, May 31.—The Constitutional Prohibitory Convention adopted resolutions asking the next Legislature to take the necessary steps to have submitted to the people a prohibitory constitutional amendment, pledging the support of delegates to the movement, asking the churches and temperance organizations to circulate petitions to the Legislature to call a convention, and deprecating any weakening of the present prohibitory law.

Fifteen Thousand People Witness a Hanging.

MACON, Ga., June 1.—John Bailey and Henry Wimbush, both colored, were hanged at noon to-day, the former for the murder of Faris Tapman and the latter for the murder of Morgan Washington. The prisoners were escorted to the gallows by a company of State artillia. Fifteen thousand people, mainly colored, witnessed the hanging.

Sen. David Davis at Home.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., May 31.—Sen. David Davis and bride arrived at their home in Bloomington to-day from their wedding trip in the Far West. They were not expected here for some days, and but few knew of their coming. They at once proceeded to Davis' mansion and will remain there all Summer.

Business Failures.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The business failures throughout the country during the last week number 151, as against 158 last week. The distribution was: New England States, 21; Middle, 16; Southern, 36; Western, 42; Pacific States and Territories, 13; Canada and provinces, 25, and New York City, 8.

Murdered by His Cell Mate.

JOLIET, Ills., June 1.—In the case of the prison convict, John Anderson, found dying from knife wounds in his cell yesterday morning, the Coroner's jury found he was murdered by his cell mate, Michael Mooney, who had secretly made a knife from a file to accomplish his purpose.

It Has Done Wonderful Things for Her.

So writes a daughter of the effect of Compound Oxygen on her mother, a lady in her sixty-ninth year, about whose case, when submitted to us for an opinion, we wrote discouragingly. After the first treatment had been used up, this report was made: "You perhaps remember that when you gave her (my mother) your advice, you said that you did not think her case compelled as a majority of your patients, so that you cannot always take in advance. It has done wonderful things for her, and I would have been glad if you could have witnessed them. At the time she commenced taking the Oxygen she did not think she could live very long. She was feeble, very much depressed in spirits, a victim of extreme nervous prostration, with no special sign of disease, beside. Life was almost a burden to her, so dark and dreary looked the whole world. To-day she is cheerful, with more strength and seeming vitality than most persons of her age—sixty-nine. After a busy forenoon she has gone a quarter of a mile to make calls." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information SENT FREE. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Solicitors of Pensions.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street, N.W, Washington, D. C.

Coinage in Philadelphia for May, 2,000 gold dollars, 1,000,000 silver dollars, 5,300,000 dimes, 2,800,000 five-cent pieces, and 3,160,000 cents.

TRAMPLED TO DEATH.

Senseless Panic on the Brooklyn Bridge—15 Killed and 26 Injured.

Strong Men, Feeble Women and Helpless Children Crowded to Death.

No Police to Bring Order Out of Chaos—No Strong Mind to Control the Mob,

But Bridge Officials to Receive Pennies and Assist in Swelling the Crowd.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A fearful catastrophe occurred on the East River Bridge this afternoon, by which a large number of people have lost their lives. The narrowness of the footway for passengers is the cause of the horror. The majority of the dead are so far unidentified.

At about 4 o'clock the long line of people on foot in the center walk of the structure, going from and coming to this city, thickened, swelled, and stopped in its motion just at the stairs leading up from the concrete roadway to the bridge proper. Strong men and feeble women—manhood and infancy—were wedged together in that jam, by the fearful pressure of the crowd which extended miles, one might say, in either direction.

It was a remorseless, fearful, and stupid force that held its victims as immovable as the stone foundation of the bridge itself. The stoppage lasted nearly an hour, during which time scores of people fainted.

To relieve the jam, the bridge officials removed some of the iron railing a few feet from the stairway on the New York side, when, of course, those unfortunate enough to be near the opening, weak and fainting as they were, immediately fell helter skelter; heels over head down upon the jagged, gravelly road beneath, a mass of bruised, discolored human flesh.

Scores were trampled upon instantly, and to stumble was death. Men were dragged out of that heap of helpless humanity with faces blue as indigo and the life blood trickling from their nostrils—children and women pale, dishevled and dead. The roadway on either side of the walk was strewn with the dead and dying. A pitiable sight, and yet, it is said, no efforts were made by the bridge officials to stop people from going upon the bridge. The dead and dying were carried off in wagons, carts, etc., improvised on the moment for service, and it was a long time before the police arrived, or anything like order restored or an ambulance appeared.

Meanwhile, teams were rushing both ways at full gallop over the roadways, why, no one could tell, threatening the limbs and lives of those on foot, who were attempting to assist the unfortunate victims. The police were shouting themselves hoarse "clear the way," wagons were rattling over the rough stones, and men and women crying in all directions made it a bedlam indeed.

A party of men in uniform did yeoman service at the spot as volunteer police to check the vulgar and curious.

Mr. Martin, Superintendent of the bridge, was seen by a reporter a few minutes after the accident. He said: "Five minutes before the word came to my office about the catastrophe, I received word in answer to my inquiry that everything was going on smoothly on the bridge and that pedestrians were moving along quietly. I certainly have no idea what caused the horrible tragedy, as various accounts have reached me. From four different sources I hear, however, that a panic was brought about by a gang of pickpockets. New York policemen had warned us to-day that thieves and bunko men were operating on the bridge, but as none of them were identified of course we could do nothing. As soon as I heard of the crush I ordered the roadways to be thrown open, and people are going across that way now."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following is from the Sun, extra: There was a crush at the steps at the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge this afternoon. A panic followed and at least 14 persons were kill and many wounded. The crush began shortly before 4 o'clock. At that hour there were thousands on the bridge, most of them coming from Brooklyn. The air was clear and brisk and people were walking rapidly.

As the crowd approached the short flight of steps, those in front pushed back for fear they would be precipitated over the steps a distance of six feet. These people in drawing back from the steps, made the nucleus of the jam, for thousands behind them pushed on unheeding. Almost instantly people began to shout "Stand back," and "give us room."

Meanwhile, the crowd from New York, which was at the foot of the steps, got blocked. Men at the head of the New York crowd fought their way back, leaving a clear space at the foot of the steps. The shouting and crowding from the Brooklyn side increased. It was utterly inexplicable. People in the advance guard of the Brooklyn throng were pushed in spite of themselves towards the steps. They seemed to have a horror of going over the steps, although the flight is only five or six feet high. They locked arms and pushed furiously back against the thousands crowding steadily over from Brooklyn.

In a few minutes, at a point just above the step, there was a slow yielding to the pressure from behind, and the front of the crowd was forced nearer and nearer to the edge of the steps. Women and children were screaming for help, and men were shouting confusedly. Umbrellas, parasols and canes were thrown over the rails at the risk by people who needed their hands to fight their way out of the desperate crowd.

At last, with a single shriek that cut through the clamor of the thousands of voices, a young girl, who lost her fastening on the perilous edge, fell headlong. She struck the pathway at the foot of the steps and lay for a moment. She raised herself on her hands and would have got up, but in an another moment she was buried four deep under the bodies of others who fell over after her. She was dead when they got her out more than a half hour afterward.

The men sprang upon rails at the side and waved the crowds back from both the New York and Brooklyn sides, but the people continued to crowd on toward the steps.

No police were in sight. Every minute the excitement grew worse. Men in the crowd lifted their children above their heads to save them from the crush. People were still paying their pennies at both gates and swarming on.

At last the people at the New Yrok end of the bridge understood what was happening. The gates were closed and word was sent to Brooklyn to close the gates there. Messengers were sent to the police station in Oak street, but before any outside help came, the bridge police, assisted by citizens, impressed two grocery wagons into the ambulance service. They were loaded up with the dead and dying and driven off the bridge, followed by a crowd of citizens, men and women.

Among the injured were F. R. Dale, Willelmena Laew, Thomas Reordan, Mrs. Charles Yagaier, Minnie Smith, Ella Regua, Fram Barnett. Among the unconscious were two unidentified men, a woman, boy and girl.

It was not until the dead wagons came out that the public knew anything of the catastrophe. The wagons were followed off the bridge by women crying for their children and by men crying for their wives.

As the wagons came out on the street they were obliged to stop to allow a brilliant uniformed band playing gay music to pass up Chatham street.

Twelve dead bodies had been laid in the basement of the Chambers Street Hospital. At 6 o'clock two of the dead were identified as George Smith and Ellen Reardon.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

Mrs. Colborn said it was an awful experience. "I saw one woman fall backward from the steps and as soon as she fell she was jumped upon by men who were forced after her. They trampled her to death. I was pushed up against the railing and turned around and around. My clothing was torn and I was exhausted. When I last saw my husband he was holding our youngest child up in the air, being carried toward the edge of the steps by the crowd. I clung to the railing, and at last some one from above grasped my wrists and hauled me up out of the jam. In a few moments they got my two boys up. At that time bodies lay three deep at the foot of the steps. One man, who was as white as a sheet, struggled out of the mass with his dead child held above his head. He was screaming. I stood by the rail looking for my husband and other child. I do not know whether they are safe."

A MAN'S STORY.

Mr. H. Ambercombie, of Skaneatlas, said: "I came to New York to buy goods for my store. After seeing my papers yesterday, I went on the bridge at 3:30 P. M. I stopped to buy a 10-cent medal or I should have been on the first step when the crush occurred. After buying the medal, I walked along, as I was 25 yards from the steps, and as I walked toward them I noticed a jam on the steps and stood watching the immense throng. A man got on the ironwork and beckoned to the crowd to go back. He was not a policeman. I saw no policeman there. I heard a scream, and several other screams followed. The crowd surged back and I jumped over the fence. The jam centered at the steps. I went along the stone sides and hung on to the railing with one hand. Just as I got up on the north side of the fence the crowd swayed toward New York and threw the girl down on the right corner. She went over sidewise and forward and fell on her face. Three or four men and a woman fell on her. The crowd cried for everybody to come over and get her away for God's sake. I have been used to handling small gangs of men. I yelled for them to get over the rail and pulled a man over. I got him over and the woman next to him, and after a hard struggle got them so that they stood along the iron work. Meantime the throng was wedged at the scene of the accident. The tide was from Brooklyn, as the New York entrance was closed to all but reporters and those engaged in carrying off the dead and wounded. It was not until a quarter of six that a squad of police were sent over the bridge and the crowd was thinned."

AT CHAMBERS STREET HOSPITAL

are lying 13 dead, six unknown men, six unknown women and George Smith, of 42 Water street. The office was filled with people making frantic inquiries for missing friends, and with hysteric women. Two more of the dead, one a boy of 15 and the other a young woman, are lying at the City Hall police station unidentified. G. E. Dale, No. 29 Henry street; Wilhelmena Laew, No. 190 Monroe street; two unknown women; Mrs. C. Yagle, No. 32 West Twenty-sixth street; Minnie Smith, No. 215 Houston street; Ellen Regan, No. 62 Horatio street; an unknown boy; an unknown girl; Mattie R. Styles, No. 253 Grove street, Jersey City;

SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE.

When

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

The Atlantic cables already laid are capable of doing three times the amount of business that is being offered.

The residence of Br. Poole, Hemper Co., Miss., burned, and J. R. Jarnagin, a temporary occupant, lost his life.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences elected Jos. Lowering President and Oliver Wendell Holmes Vice-President.

Sir Hector Langevin, the Canadian Minister of Public Works, has been presented by his friends with a purse of $17,000.

The receipts of the American Baptist Publication Society were last year $72,509 in excess of the receipts of any previous year.

No serious fighting is expected to occur in Tonquin before the middle of July, when the French will be ready to take the offensive.

Forepaugh's $10,000 beauty, who sued for her money and got a judgment of $250, has finally accepted it rather than have a new trial.

Of the $35,000 debt of the Wesleyan Female College, $15,000 has been secured in cash or notes, and the remainder is likely to be soon provided for.

The New York Cotton Exchange has purchased a site for a new building at a cost of nearly $500,000. The new building will cost about the same.

Leno Carbello and J. C. Fletcher, two painters living in Tipton, Mo., quarreled on the street yesterday while drunk, and Carbello shot and killed Fletcher.

Wm. Riebler, an Indianapolis saloonkeeper, who had been deserted by his wife, loaded a shotgun with nails, and, placing the muzzle over his heart, tore it to shreds.

Gen. Wimpffen, of the French army, in a letter, says the object of Count VonMoltke's tour recently in Italy was to study the best route for an invasion of Southern France.

Ex-Assemblyman Jos. Irving, one of the proprietors of the notorious Empire saloon, New York, was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and to pay a fine of $250.

A terrible storm passed over Fort Smith, Ark., uprooting houses, blowing down shade trees and carrying away fences. The Southern Hotel was unroofed. No persons were injured.

The strike of speeder tenders at the Blackstone cotton mill at Blackstone, R. I., caused the shutting down of machinery and throwing 800 operatives out of employment.

Julius Butner, the teacher of St. Bridget's School, Cleveland, arrested on a charge of crippling a child by beating, was dismissed after trial, the evidence not substantiating the charge.

A preacher named Byerd was tarred and feathered by a mob at Franklin, Neb., for beating his daughter who had informed her mother of his adulterous relations with other women.

Archbishop Croke, in his address at Tipperary yesterday, said he would not be able for many reasons to accept any more addresses or to participate in any popular demonstrations.

Alexander Kennedy Isbister, M. A., LL. B., who was instrumental in freeing British North America from the Hudson's Bay Company and annexing that section to Canada, is dead.

A cable dispatch from Florence, Italy, says Gen. Adolph Busbeck, who commanded the 27th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the first brigade of the second division of the Eleventh Corps, is dead.

Duncan C. Ross has accepted the challenge issued by John L. Sullivan, pugilist, for a 100 or 150 yards running race. The contestants to carry a man weighing 150 pounds on his shoulders.

Hon. W. L. Scott has given $10,000 each to the Hariot and St. Vincent hospitals, of Erie, Pa. He had previously given large sums to the Home for the Friendless and Catholic orphan asylums.

There are 46 newspapers in Indiana in favor of a renomination of the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks, and there is a report that Gov. Hendricks has said he would again accept the second place.

The cheese manufacturers of Wisconsin will not appeal to the case recently won against them by Hubbell, of Groton, N. Y., for infringement of patent on his process for cheese-making, but will pay the royalty.

Hanlon says the Point of Pines course is not three miles long. Kennedy says it was a minute short. Hanlon will wager $5,000 or $10,000 that he can row the course he rowed Thursday in 18 minutes, or better.

A pugilist who was recently prevented by the authorities of Philadelphia from giving a sparring exhibition in that City has begun an action against the Mayor and a Lieutenant of Police to recover $5,000 damages.

At Boston, the flagstaff and cornice of a building on Washington street, during a high wind, fell on an omnibus fatally injuring the driver, crushing the skull of an unknown man and injuring two or three other persons.

At Montreal the meeting of Irishmen to consult concerning their affiliation with the National League has been postponed until next week. The move of the clergy will likely result in the formation of a Canadian League.

Mrs. Henry Reynolds, wife of the temperance advocate, Dr. Henry Reynolds, known as "Red Ribbon Reynolds," died in Reynolds, Dak., yesterday. The remains will be brought to Rockford, Ill., for interment.

The body of Marie Samruttie has been found in the river at Hartford, Conn. How she met her death is a mystery, and the people talk of another West Haven affair. She has been missing since the middle of last week.

At Sandusky, O., McMeens Post, G. A. R., chartered the steamer R. B. Hayes, went to Johnson's Island, and, after impressive religious ceremonies, decorated the graves of Confederate soldiers who died there in the military prison.

The new Commissioner of Internal Revenue has taken hold of the work and everything is running smoothly. He says he has given the matter of consolidating the districts no consideration, but will talk the matter over with the Secretary.

The Cuban budget read in Chamber of Deputies Wednesday, provides for the payment of the remainder of the indemnity, $484,800, awarded by the Hispano American Commission to the Americans who suffered losses during the Cuban revolt.

The Sunday trains on the Housatonic Railroad were stopped by the Massachusetts authorities. The clergymen of Berkshire County, Mass., presented petitions against running trains. On Sunday last the railroad disregarded them.

Washington, D. C., Charles Fisher, Chief Engineer of Beatty's organ works, was killed by being caught in the fly-wheel of the principal engine. The wheel weighs nine tons, and was making 200 revolutions per minute. Death was instantaneous.

Ricardo Renoeal, who fled from Havana, seven years ago, with $300,000 of public funds, has been captured. He shipped on the steamer "Saratoga," under the name of Averhoff, and, going ashore at night in the disguise of a sailor, he was recognized.

The Marquis of Lorne will vacate the office of Governor-General of Canada in October, returning to Great Britain to be made a Peer of the realm. Princess Louise will take her departure in July, proceeding to a German mineral spring for the benefit of her health.

There is no truth in the report which was telegraphed from Louisville, that the Canadian Government has so changed its customs regulations so as to admit bonded whisky from the United States in the original packages. There is no prospect of any change of that sort being made.

Dispatches from all points show that the memorial services were more generally observed this year than ever before. Rain interfered at some points, and the immense crowds sought shelter and listened to speeches and music, a detail being made in all cases to decorate the graves of the fallen heros.

The quickest work ever performed on the Washington monument was done during the last six days. In that time 10 feet were added to the shaft, and the workmen say that the Blue Ridge mountains, 40 miles away, can be plainly seen from its top any clear day with the naked eye.

Cliff Wade, a desperado of Madison, Monroe County, Mo., had a quarrel with a man named Cummings last Saturday and broke his skull with an iron poker, then shot and killed him instantly. The affair grew out of an old grudge. This is the third man Wade has killed.

At Grand Forks, Dak., James Bruce, a well-known gambler, was mortally shot at the Headquarters Saloon, by another sporting character known as Major Shackles. The latter, with one Doc Donahue, believed to have had a hand in it, is now in jail. All are bad characters. Bruce had a reputation as a shootist.

Proceedings have been instituted for the disbarment of Miss Kate Kane, the Milwaukee lawyer whose assault on Judge Mallory in the Municipal Court cost her 30 days' imprisonment. The present action is based upon remarks made by the lady as she was being removed from the court room to the jail, reflecting upon the official integrity of Judge Mallory.

A new number of the Nihilist journal, The Will of the People, has appeared at St. Petersburg.

The free oil-pipe bill was defeated in the Pennsylvania House for want of a constitutional majority.

Ten thousand children attended the 23d yearly meeting of the Baptist Sunday schools in New York.

The Vatican has abandoned for the present the hope of establishing diplomatic relations with England.

At Atlanta, Ga., Joe Noll, assistant Postmaster, failing to make good his deficit of $8,000, was arrested.

The London dynamite conspirators were arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and their trials fixed for the 11th inst.

A State Association of Pioneers was organized in Columbus Thursday, with Judge W. J. Gilmore as President.

Rev. Father Joseph Deblick, one of the most distinguished Jesuit instructors in the country, died in Chicago Wednesday.

Robert Smith, one of the brothers who killed the two Cecil brothers at Helenward, Tenn., was killed while resisting arrest.

It is again stated that a Republican afternoon paper, to be called the Daily Ledger, will be started in Cincinnati some time in June.

A 10 year old girl of Dennison, La., studied night and day to excel in her class. Suddenly her memory left her, and now she is an idiot.

The Mayor of South Bend, Ind., closed the hall against Seward and Files Thursday night as the audience were assembling, preventing an exhibition prize fight.

The Telegraphers' Advocate, a neat 12-page paper, has made its appearance in New York. It is to be issued semi-monthly, and to be devoted to the interests of telegraphers.

A colored man in the employ of Mr. Thos. S. Josey, in Kershaw County, S. C., aged 140 years, hoed last year one-half acre of cotton per day, and picked 80 pounds in gathering time.

During a thunder storm last evening at Crystal Springs, Miss., Mrs. Mayfield's store was struck by lightning, and Miss Clara Cook killed. She was surrounded by several ladies, all of whom escaped.

The tournament of the Louisville Sportsmen's Association advertised to open June 1st and conclude several days, has been indefinitely postponed owing to the inability to procure the necessary birds.

It has been discovered that the unknown tramp who died in Cincinnati from drinking two quarts of whisky, was a son of Judge Taylor, of Chillecothe. He inherited $40,000, which he squandered.

A dispatch from Columbus says: "The straws of the political wind all point toward a triple alliance between Hoadly, Payne and Bookwalter, the latter to enter the Senatorial lists against Pendleton."

The Supreme Court, of New York, vacated the judgment obtained by Riggs & Co., bankers, against Dion Boucicault, for $22,000 deficiency in foreclosure sale of leasehold interest in the Park theater.

There is complaint in Columbus about the Dexter law, which establishes a Tax Commission. It is said to be imperfect, and the City Solicitor believes it is unconstitutional. The Board of Education will disregard it.

W. P. McCreary, Secretary, and F. Listenwalter, Manager of the Marriage Fund and Mutual Trust Company, were arrested at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for conspiracy to defraud, and for using the mails for that purpose.

Owing to the order issued by Postmaster General Gresham, requiring first and second-class Postmasters to attend personally to the duties of their offices, a number of applications for leave of absence are already received at the department.

The German Lutheran Ministerium, in session at Reading, have decided to appropriate $30,000 for the endowment of a professorship in the Philadelphia Seminary, in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

Inspector Byrnes denies the bridge panic was caused by pickpockets. It was due, he claims, to inefficiency of the bridge management. By paying salaries to regular policemen the trustees could secure them, and thus secure the safety of passengers.

At Petersburg, Va., Glenroy Henson, colored, was murdered by his stepson, Joseph Henson, a lunatic, who killed his victim by striking him on the head with a fence paling. Several nails penetrated his skull. The murderer was arrested and lodged in jail.

The South Boston Iron Works contracted with the War Department aggregating $175,000. The contract is for four 12-inch rifle guns at $30,000 each, one large monitor, and convert 50 10-inch smooth bores into eight-inch rifle cannon, at an average cost of $600.

The Prosecuting Attorney at Topeka, Kan., has asked the Supreme Court to declare the office of Mayor of that City vacant, and to declare the Mayor disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit hereafter, because he refused to enforce the prohibitory law.

The effects of the recent flood which visited Western Iowa, are not nearly so serious as at first supposed. Not a single life was lost, and but three of four houses totally ruined. The damage to private property is less than $150,000, to the City of Council Bluffs not over $30,000.

At LaCrosse, Wis., the jury in the Bennett murder trial, after being out 30 minutes, returned a verdict that defendant was insane, and he was discharged. The case had been running two weeks on second trial. The first verdict was against the prisoner for killing Dr. Hogle, of Wauseau, August 18 1880.

A couple that had gone to Le Mars, Ia., to get married, quarreled in the hotel about the clergyman to be employed, he favoring a Methodist divine, while the lady wanted a Congregational clergyman. The upshot of the matter was the lady walked back home, and the man, after waiting a day for her to return, also went home.

Governor Foster has appointed Hon. Columbus Delano, of Mount Vernon, a member of a Commission to represent the State of Ohio at a celebration and exposition to be held at Santa Fe, New Mexico, during July of this year in commemoration of the 333d anniversary of the settlement of Santa Fe.

Paddy Hanrois and his brother James, living in the Cherokee Indian Nation, and married to Indian women, while drunk last Friday, got into a quarrel, and Paddy shot and killed his brother, and also an Indian, Tom Scraper, who interfered, then fled. The Indian authorities offer $1,000 reward for his arrest.

The will of Anthony K. Henderson, who died recently at Erie, has been probated. He bequeaths to Cleveland property in that city estimated at $200,000, to found and endow an Industrial School or to be applied to the present school there. He bequeaths also considerable property in Lawrence Co., Pa., for the same purpose.

The Government of New Zealand has agreed, in conjunction with the Government of New South Wales, to renew for two years the contract for carrying the mails between San Francisco and Australia and New Zealand. Should the United States, however, refuse to contribute a subsidy, the contract is to be terminated at the end of the first year.

A Hot Springs special says: The body of Wm. Saunders, a rich Philadelphian, who disappeared a few days ago, was found yesterday in Gulph Creek, six miles from this City, and his head had been almost entirely eaten by buzzards. His person contained $3 cash and $800 worth of diamonds. He had evidently wandered away, temporarily deranged, and fallen into the creek.

The Cincinnati Export Association having been inquired of frequently whether the report was true that the Canadian restriction on the importation of hogs had been removed, Thursday received a dispatch from M. Bowell, Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa, Canada, saying: "No change has been made in the regulations restricting the importation of hogs."

Max Strakosch has signed a three years' lease for Salmi Morse's theater, in which the Passion Play was to be exhibited. His brother is in Europe engaging a Wagnerian opera company. Morse says on the subject: "I am 1800 years behind the age or 1600 years ahead of it, I don't know which, but I do know I am not wanted here."

Superintendent Parkes, of the North Chicago Rolling Mills, told a company of workmen at Bay View that the Company would sign a scale if the demand for bi-weekly payments was withdrawn, but the men refused the offer and the situation looks more gloomy than the day of the lockout, as then it was felt that a compromise could be made.

A statement prepared at the Patent Office on the 1st inst. shows during the first five months of the current year the receipts were $367,770; that during the same period in 1882 the receipts were but $428,805, showing an increase in the receipts for the five months of the present year of $78,971. The receipts of the office during the month of May, 1883, aggregated $101,864, being $10,257 more than during the month of May, 1882.

On Wednesday last the family of Mr. R. F. Harriott, who resided near Pennington's Corners, in Macon, Mich., missed him, and his whereabouts could not be discovered either that day or the following one; but Saturday morning, as a man was walking across one of the fields of the farm, Mr. Harriott's body was discovered. He was probably stricken with heart disease or some kindred complaint. Mr. Harriott was an old and highly respected citizen of Macon.

IRELAND.

Parnell's Comments on the Pope's Circular—Full Text of the Document—More Arrests.

LONDON, June 2.—Mr. Parnell has at last made an official utterance, in the form of an open letter to a Paris journalist, concerning the Pope's circular. He announces that he is pleased with it because of the effect it will certainly have upon the fortunes of the real Irish party. The breach the papal circular has already caused among the papers which affected to represent the Irish cause, Mr. Parnell says he regards with delight, because it will place the Catholic religion just where it belongs in the politics of Ireland. Some of the truest Republicans in Ireland have felt themselves compelled to conceal their sympathy with the Irish party and to hold aloof from all participation in its movements, because of a general impression that Ireland being a stronghold of the Catholic faith, no general Irish political movement could ever occur, except it were dominated by the church.

Now that the Pope had officially declared that the Church did not recognize the Irish party, but forbade its priests to make themselves conspicuous in its actions, the Irish people could realize how completely Irish politics are divorced from religious domination, and Catholic and Protestant Republicans could work together in complete harmony.

Mr. Parnell concedes that the Pope's action may have been astute from a Roman point of view, but claims that Leo XIII. overreached himself if he intended to give to England the influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland, because the principal effect of his recent circular would be among Irish Catholics a conviction that in politics they are absolutely independent of the Church, and among Protestants a conviction that they can act with the Republicans without subjecting themselves to the domination of Rome. Mr. Parnell's letter concludes with the statement that while the majority of this Irish people may be submissive in matters of faith to the Pope, in matters of politics and nationality they respect themselves.

The Irish National League is preparing for a campaign of extraordinary energy. They hope to increase the number of the Parnell party in Parliament from 30 to 60. If they succeed they will have, by the addition of sympathizers, a solid vote of 70 in the next session. Mr. Parnell is preparing a proclamation which he will soon issue to the Irish people. It will strongly urge all Irishmen, irrespective of religion, to rally to the support of the National party. It will distinctly announce the separation of Ireland from England, and the complete independence of Ireland as the basis of the future program of the Irish party. The Executive Committee of the National League will thorely pamphlet and placard Ireland, and will issue and circulate complete instructions concerning all registration laws, and will do everything possible to guide the Irish people in the interests of the National party in the coming election. The Secretary of each branch of the League will be supplied with copies of the lists of voters, and every dollar that can be raised both in Europe and in America will be expended on the election.

THE POPE'S CIRCULAR.

The following is the full text of the circular addressed by the Holy See to the Irish Bishops and dispatched from Rome to each of them on the 11th inst.:

"Whatever may be the case as regards Mr. Parnell himself and his objects, it is at all events proved that many of his followers have on many occasions adopted a line of conduct in open contradiction to the rules laid down by the Supreme Pontiff in his letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and contained in the instructions sent to the Irish Bishops by this Sacred Congregation, and unanimously accepted by them at their recent meeting at Dublin It is true that, according to those instructions, it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and to strive for their rights, but always at the same time observing the Divine maxim to seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and remembering also that it is wicked to further any cause, no matter how just, by illegal means.

"It is, therefore, the duty of all the clergy, and especially of the Bishops, to curb the excited feelings of the multitude, and to take every opportunity, with timely exhortations, to recall them to the justice and moderation which are necessary in all things, that so they may not be led away by greed of gain to mistake evil for good or to place their hopes of public prosperity in the shape of criminal acts. Hence it follows that it is not permitted to any of the clergy to depart from these rules themselves or to take part in or in any way promote movements inconsistent with prudence and with the duty of calming men's minds. It is certainly not forbidden to collect for the relief of distress in Ireland; but at the same time the aforesaid apostolic mandates absolutely condemn such collections as are raised in order to inflame popular passions and to be used as the means for leading men into rebellion against the laws. Above all things, they, the clergy, must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them, that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves, and especially when it is asserted that the measures of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused—so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation.

"In these circumstances, it must be evident to your Lordship that the collection called the 'Parnell Testimonial Fund' cannot be approved by this Sacred Congregation, and consequently it cannot be tolerated that any ecclesiastic, much less a Bishop, should take any part whatever in recommending or promoting it. Meanwhile we pray God to long preserve your Lordship."

ARRESTS.

DUBLIN, June 3.—Five members of the Republican Brotherhood were arrested at Waterford on the charge of being connected with the conspiracy to murder.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE

to-day visited Tipperary, one of the parishes in his diocese. The Town was gaily decorated in honor of his visit and an address presented him, to which he replied from the altar of the parish church.

CONSPIRACIES AND INFORMERS.

DUBLIN, June 4.—A conspiracy to murder at Carrie on the Suir, County Tipperary, has been discovered. It is expected a number of arrests will follow the discovery.

James Carey and other informers, who testified at the trials of the Phoenix Park murders, have been notified they must indicate the places out of the country to which they wish to be sent. Carey protested he would remain in Dublin, but the authorities pointed out that he would receive no police protection, and that on no condition would he be allowed to remain in Ireland. It is inferred from this action that extradition proceedings in the case of Walsh, Sheridan and Tynan are collapsing.

DAVITT AND HEALY RELEASED.

DUBLIN, June 4.—Davitt, Healy, M. P., and Quinn, sentenced in February to confinement in Kilmainham Jail for six months for making inflammatory speeches, were released from prison at 1:30 this afternoon.

HORRIBLE SCENE.

Performing Bears Devour a Child Before Its Mother's Eyes.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 3.—For some time past three Turks have been traveling through this State with two performing bears. The men were accompanied by their families, and created much sympathy by their statement that they were persecuted officers of Arabi Pasha's army. They figured yesterday at the hanging of Robert Henderson, the Cabarrus County murderer, and made a good sum from the crowd disappointed in seeing the execution.

From Concord they went to Lancaster, where their tour has received a sad check. While the Turks were camped near Lancaster the largest of the black bears killed and almost devoured one of the children. The Turkish women were not noticing the child, and it got too close to the bear, when the savage animal knocked its brains out with one blow of its huge paw, and then tore its flesh off by the mouthful. The mother, missing her child, called and received no answer, and in looking for it was horror stricken at the sight which met her eyes. Her cries of "Alla, Alla," brought her husband to the scene. The animal had eaten up nearly the entire body of the little one save the head and part of the arms and legs, which it was apparently reserving as choice morsels.

When the parents came up the beast was crouched on the ground, dog fashion, and had a leg of the child between its paws, and the mother's ears were greeted by the sound of the crushing bones. As the parents came up the smaller bear was fighting with the other in its endeavor to get a portion of the fragments of human flesh which were strewn around. The remains were got from the beasts with difficulty.

After the Pension Sharks.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—Over 100 pledged pension certificates were voluntarily returned to the pension agent by pawn brokers and saloon keepers, making over 700 returned since Wednesday. It is the intention of the pension agent to criminally prosecute all persons who persist in holding such papers as collateral.

WELLAND CANAL.

Sensational Story of a Fenian Attempt to Destroy the Canal—Fifteen Suspicious Characters "Shadowed."

ST. CATHARINES, June 4.—A few weeks ago the Government at Ottawa received warning that it was the intention of a Fenian faction to send a party of their followers into Canada on the day of the execution of Joe Brady, the Phœnix Park murderer, to blow up certain portions of the Welland Canal. The Government immediately warned their representative at St. Catharines, and on Saturday, the 12th of May, a large number of men, known to be loyal subjects, and who lived in the district, were stationed at short distances along both the old and new canals to watch the movements of any suspicious characters.

The day before Brady's execution 15 suspicious looking men, each carrying a medium satchel, jumped from a train at St. Catharines, having just come over the suspension bridge from Buffalo. They were immediately shadowed by private detectives who were sent to the place where the supposed attack would be made on Canada, and who soon after overheard sufficient conversation from the new arrivals to be convinced that this was the party they were commissioned to watch.

A few persons were sent along the canal to select a suitable spot to destroy the connection between the upper and lower lakes. They had not gone far, however, before they found the secret had reached the ears of the Government officers and that their game was up.

The delegation returned to St. Catharines, where the party immediately dispersed and returned as quickly as possible to the States. Watches are still stationed along the canal, guarding the locks day and night.

A Government official, on being interviewed to-day, said: "I am satisfied that we did not take our precautions one hour too soon. A gang came over from Buffalo Sunday, and when they found the canal guarded at every point they dispersed and returned to that city."

LANGLEY'S VICTIMS.

The King of the Peter Funks Under Arrest, and His "Construction Company" will Cease to Construct.

BOSTON, June 3.—James H. Langley, alias "Dr." Langley, alias J. Henry Langley, known throughout the country as the "King of the Peter Funks," was arrested on the arrival of the Fall River boat train. For years he has been operating in the leading Cities of the East and West as a promoter of stock jobbing corporations organized on paper for swindling purposes. One "corporation" is the "United States Construction and Investment Company," and is a limited live stock express company.

The "Construction Company's" headquarters are fitted up with great elegance and occupied by a small army of clerks, mostly Langley's victims, who were induced to invest their savings to obtain situations, and who received neither salary, dividend nor principal, which were all "secured" by blocks of stock in the Construction Company.

It was found that the company was sending out a beautifully-printed prospectus, which set forth that "The Construction and Investment Company," capital stock $600,000, is authorized by its charters to buy, sell and deal in, and to secure patents in all countries, and to organize corporations for railway service for the purpose of developing improvements and enterprises connected with railway service, to negotiate capital for the promotion of such enterprises, to build railway rolling stock and sell, own or lease the same, to construct for railways, to buy and sell railway stocks, bonds and securities, to own any real estate, personal property, necessary or convenient for the business of the company.

The prospectus further stated the Company had correspondents in all railway Cities throughout the world. The capital was represented as fully paid up, with a large surplus in the treasury.

During the last five years, Langley has organized a score of bogus concerns. A Bostonian named Warren was inveigled into one enterprise and lost fully $100,000.

All of Langley's concerns have proved worthless, while his victims are legion. Langley is supposed to have numerous confederates in various parts of the country. He is said to have served a term in the New York Penitentiary, and also to have several indictments standing against him in the West. The costly furniture and trappings of the office of the Construction Company were mortgaged some time since.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The Commissioners Appeal to the Attorney-General to Interpret the Law.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—The Civil Service Commissioners held a meeting to-day, at which a number of questions relating to the examination of candidates for places in the civil service and to the application of the new rules governing appointments were discussed. The most important of these questions was what interpretation should be given to the words "one family," in that clause of the Civil Service Reform bill which provides that when two persons of one family are employed in the civil service of the Government no other member of that family shall be eligible to appointment. As the Commissioners do not care to examine persons who are ineligible they wish to have this question definitely settled, and will ask the opinion of the Attorney-General upon it. They desire to know whether "one family" means only parents and their children, or whether, taking into consideration the intent of the law, which was plainly the prevention of nepotism, the prohibition is to be understood as extending to nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters, grandchildren, cousins and relatives by marriage of the persons holding places in the civil service.

Marble Statue of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

LOUISVILLE, June 4.—In about one month a marble statue of Gen. Zachary Taylor will be unveiled at the grave of the late President, eight miles from this City. All survivors of the Mexican War are to be invited. At the suggestion of Gen. Thos. W. Taylor, Gen. Thos. L. Crittenden, of the retired list of the United States Army, who served on the staff of Gen. Taylor in Mexico, is invited to deliver the oration, but no response has yet been received. Yesterday Gen. Taylor, who is a near relative of the brave old rough and ready soldier, called on Gen. Grant, at the Galt House, and invited him to attend the ceremonies. A ex-President expressed his thanks for the invitation and assured Gen. Taylor he would remain in Dublin, but the authorities pointed out that he would receive no police protection, and that on no condition would he be allowed to remain in Ireland. It is inferred from this action that extradition proceedings in the case of Walsh, Sheridan and Tynan are collapsing.

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BARNUM'S CIRCUS.

Six Acres of Canvas Destroyed by Fire at Chicago,

But Fortunately No Lives Lost—The Show Will "Resume" Immediately.

CHICAGO, June 5.—When the alarm was turned in at 2 o'clock this morning, caused by the discovery that Barnum's Circus was on fire, the department responded quickly, but before any engines were brought into action, the destruction of the main tent was complete. Several streams played on the blaze, and succeeded in preventing the spread of the fire to adjoining canvas, in which were encaged the wild beasts. The flames ran up the center poles in a twinkling, and a gorgeous scene was presented on the lake front for a few moments, Michigan avenue, for blocks, being light as day, while the shipping lying in the harbor was clearly outlined. The tugs in the harbor added to the uproar by incessant screaming of their whistles.

The canvas and guy ropes being destroyed, the center poles were precipitated to the ground, crushing private boxes and carrying the fire in among the reserved seats, entailing almost their complete destruction.

The night watchman in charge of the stable tents apprised in time to enable the hostlers to lead out all horses quietly. The wild animals had all been locked up for the night, and, as they could not see the flames, were in no sense panic stricken, altho the smell of smoke seemed to excite them.

The actual property loss is estimated at $15,000 or $16,000, with no insurance, but the interruption of performances may necessarily increase the amount very considerably to the show men.

The canvas destroyed covered six acres of ground, and is claimed to be the largest single one in the world. The management had a duplicate on hand, and in event the costumes are not entirely destroyed, expect to throw the show open again this evening.

WHITNEY LYNCHED.

Missourians Become Dissatisfied at the Law's Delays, and Dispense With Trial by Jury.

HERMANN, Mo., June 5.—The City was thrown into a state of intense excitement shortly after midnight this morning by the lynching of Whitney, the murderer of young Burchard. The mob numbered about 300. They surrounded the jail, guards being stationed with drawn revolvers to keep back the curious crowd, which was attracted by the noise made by beating in the jail doors. The jailer refused to surrender the keys, when axes were brought. Whitney supposed the purpose of the assault, and, crouched upon his cell floor, prayed fervently. His voice could be heard outside. The jailer was forced to lead the way to Whitney's cell, which was then forced open, and a long rope the mob had brought with them was put around his waist. Half fainting, the doomed man fell on his knees. When once in the open air he asked leave to pray again. This was granted, but as he continued his appeals to Heaven too long, he was jerked to his feet and dragged through the Town into a dense woods on the bluff, a dozen of the lynching party warning the crowd not to follow, and intimidating them by a free use of revolvers.

It was expected the Court would hold a special session to try the accused, but when it was announced yesterday the trial would go over to the Fall term, the indignation was general, and threats of lynching made. The mob was quite orderly in its behavior. There was an absence of conventional masks, and many of the lynchers were recognized. The last seen of Whitney he was being taken into the woods by the lynchers. Ere this he is dead.

ST. LOUIS, June 5.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Hermann says: When the woods were reached the prisoner was handed over to a dozen masked men. He said his real name was Fisher, not Whitney, that his parents lived in Virginia. He did not know whether he killed Burchard or not, as he and his partner, whose name was Collier, fired five shots each. He then shook hands with part of the mob, bidding them good bye, after which he was strung to a tree. The mob then dispersed.

The Sheriff took charge of the body this morning, and the Coroner is now holding an inquest. Whitney was a desperado of the James stripe. He and another outlaw named Collier, after robbing several stores in Gasconade County on the 19th of last month, attempted to burglarize the store of Burchard & Lukes, in the little town of Bem, during which they shot and killed young Burchard, son of one of the proprietors.

FOREPAUGH'S BEAUTY

Suing for Divorce, Being Asserted by Jig-Dancer Keyser.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—George S. Costa, the examiner in the divorce suit of Laura S. Keyser, commonly known as Louise Montague, Forepaugh's $10,000 beauty, against Paul Allen, the song-and-dance man, has filed his report. The respondent was charged with desertion. He did not appear before the examiner. The beauty, according to the report, testified that she was married to Keyser by Judge Gates in Illinois, in 1878. She was traveling with a theatrical troupe, of which Keyser was also a member. At the close of the season the pair set up housekeeping in Eighteenth street, New York. The beauty could not remember the number. They remained there eight months. A child was born there. Before the baby had got into short frocks they moved into Bleecker street. They had been there a few weeks only when, the beauty declares, her husband maliciously deserted her. "I don't know why he went away," she says, "unless it was because I refused to give him money to gamble with." Keyser sang and danced at the rate of about $3 a minute, but neither his wife or the baby ever saw any of the money. She did not see her husband again until November, 1880, when she met him at a variety house in this city, where both had an engagement at the same time. He called to see the baby. After he had admired baby's dimples and baby's bright eyes, the mother suggested that he do something for baby's comfort. He replied, "I have enough to do to support myself." And so they parted. The Montague will probably get her divorce.

A Good Day for Murderers.

CHATTANOOGA, June 5.—John Baker killed George Hathaway at Rockwood.

JACKSON, Miss., June 5.—News is received of the murder of a young man named Fletcher at Tiptonville, Miss., by Leon Carbello. Both men were painters. Carbello murdered young Leffingwell at Dry Grove, Miss., some years ago, and escaped punishment by the death of the only witness.

VICKSBURG, June 5.—Near Lake Village, Ark., T. R. Murphy was murdered by Fred Rotan and Mose Kitchings. The murderers, young men, both escaped.

ATLANTA, June 5.—At Jasper to-day Allen Goolsby killed George Wise. Both colored.

SAVANNAH, June 5.—Granville W. Burke, who, before the war, was one of the most notorious counterfeiters, without warning shot dead Henry Madison, a ferryman of the Suwanee River, at Bradford, Fla.

Organist vs. Priest.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Miss Bridget E. Cronin, lately the organist of St. Cecilia's Church, in Brooklyn, has brought suit for $2,000 against her pastor, the Rev. Father Florence McCarthy, for having violently assaulted her on February 12. On April 20, when Father McCarthy was about to celebrate mass, Miss Cronin's father and mother arose in the church and denounced Father McCarthy for having insulted their daughter. Subsequently a complaint was made by the priest against Mrs. Cronin and her husband for disturbing a religious meeting, and they were held for the Grand Jury by Justice Nasher. Owing to the illness of County Judge Moore, no Grand Jury has been sitting for a month. It is said that the Rev. Father McCarthy will bring a civil suit against Mr. and Mrs. Cronin for defamation of character.

Death of a Prominent Mason.

CINCINNATI, June 4.—Cornelius Moore, the founder and long time editor of the Masonic Review, died yesterday (Sunday) morning, at an advanced age, after a lingering illness, at his recent home in Windsor, Ontario, an escort from Reed Commandery of Knights Templar, of Dayton, went to accompany the remains from Windsor to Cumminsville Station, this City, arriving Tuesday morning, and thence to Wesleyan Cemetery, where the beautiful Templar burial service will be rendered, under the auspices of Reed Commandery, of which the deceased was a member.

Boiler Explosion—Two Men Killed.

MEMPHIS, June 5.—By the explosion of a boiler pile-driver engine on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad to-day, near Lagrange, Tenn., engineer Harry Roberts and fireman Lee Transcomb were killed outright, and Tom Farr Smith, engineer, and a man named Tom Atkins seriously injured.

Irish Convention.

BOSTON, June 5.—A conference of prominent Irishmen, representing the different Irish-American organizations of the State, met last night and issued a call for a State League Convention, to be held in Faneuil Hall, July 13, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1883.

TRADE.

Reports from the different trade centers of the United States show no material improvement. Business is fairly active. The inclement weather interfered with business. The failures, according to Bradstreet, numbered 160, five more than during the preceding week, 56 more than for the corresponding week of 1882, and 93 more than for the same week 1881.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 3½ @ 6 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 ₱ cent. Bar silver, 109¾. Sterling exchange steady; $4 85 for 60 days; sight, $4 88½. Government Bonds weak and generally ¼@½ ₱ cent. lower. State Securities quiet but generally higher. Railroad bonds strong. Stocks—Since 11 o'clock the market has been very dull and weak. Prices at noon declined ¼@1½ ₱ cent, led by Reading and Louisville & Nashville.

Government Bonds—5s extended, 103¾ bid; 4½s, 112¾; 4s, 119¾; 3s, 103½; Pacific 6s, '95, 125 bid.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 1,294,300
Specie, decrease	575,300
Legal tenders, increase	794,200
Deposits, increase	1,298,600
Circulation, increase	26,300
Reserve, decrease	105,750

The banks now hold $9,071,750 in excess of legal requirements.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	June 5.	May 29.
5's, extended	103¾	102¾
4½'s, coupons	119¾	119¾
4's,	119¾	119¾
3's, registered	103½	102¾
Pacific 6's of '95	125	127

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No. 2 Red Wheat was worth 1.9c on this market; Wednesday, Decoration Day, there was no session; on Thursday 1.8½c was the price; on Friday it went up to 1.19½c; on Saturday it receded to 1.18c, and on Monday it dropped to 1.17c, showing a decline for the week of 1¾c.

The wheat markets opened with a fair degree of firmness in the first part of the week, just closed, but subsequently strengthened, and it was thought by many that wheat would bound rapidly upward and hold its strength as the most gloomy of gloomy redorts were received. Reports became more cheering as the week drew to a close and the markets anibled down in a way that surprised the believers in an upward turn that would put wheat 8 to 10 cents higher. There has certainly been an improvement in the wheat, but it is less than was anticipated a few weeks ago. Sec. Chamberlin of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, says: The percentage of the wheat crop on a basis of that of last year will be about 75. It is better in Indiana than in Ohio, but not so good in Illinois. The principal reason for this is that Indiana has greater timber protection than Ohio, while Illinois is almost entirely without timber. Another reason is that Indiana ground is not so much exhausted. The crop in the Hoosier State will be about 10 per cent. better than in Ohio. The average number of bushels to the acre in Ohio will be between eighteend nine, in Indiana about 10, and in Illinois not more than six. The average in Ohio last year was 16.6. There are 2,750,000 acres sown in wheat in Ohio this year, and the yield will not be more than 25,000,000 bushels as against more than 45,000,000 last year. In Indiana there will be nearly 30,000,000 and in Illinois 20,000,000. In this connection the following table of bushels of the wheat crops of the past five years will be inter